

Sports Illustrated

PALMER V: THE BOLD WAY

AUGUST 12, 1963

25 CENTS

ALFRED G. VANDERBILT REBELS AGAINST RACING'S ESTABLISHMENT



this calls for
Budweiser

*the
picnic...*

you couldn't ask
for a better day. Outdoors like this you
enjoy everything so much more... your
friends, the food, the cold Budweiser...

Where there's life...there's Bud.

BUD, BEER & ICE - AN HEUBLEIN-BUDWEISER, INC. BOTTLE. BUD, BEER & ICE - AN HEUBLEIN-BUDWEISER, INC. BOTTLE. BUD, BEER & ICE - AN HEUBLEIN-BUDWEISER, INC. BOTTLE.



The last thing you'll need is power steering.

Power steering is for cars that are hard to steer.

Heavy cars, with big engines in front to push around.

With a rear-engine Volkswagen, you'll have no use for power steering.

Or power brakes.

Or optional, higher-powered engines.

Which is just as well.

They're not available.

On the other hand, we do have some extras you can't avoid:

A four-speed stick shift. Bucket seats. A heater/delroster. A windshield washer.

Because you can't avoid them, we don't charge any extra.

If you insist on paying more, we have a few things to offer.

A sunroof. Leatherette interior. A radio. Whitewall tires. A side-view mirror.

And if that's still not enough, maybe you should look at something fancier.

More power to you.

**Never before a truck tire
with so many mileage-stretching features!**



1 **Feels more rubber on the road.** New Super Hi-Miler continuous ribs give you a solid footbed. No squappy little tread elements that chip or scuff away. Wider tread, too, reduces rate of wear.

2 **Eliminates groove cracks and tears.** Exclusive "expansion chambers" in Super Hi-Miler grooves soak up the shocks and strains of rolling over curbs, hitting chock-holes... help to compensate for normal tire growth.



TUFSYN

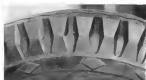
3 **The new tough synthetic rubber, exclusive with Goodyear, adds extra durability for extra thousands of miles!** Never in Goodyear tire history has there been a synthetic rubber so rugged.



4 **Less friction in flexing.** Super Hi-Miler dual-compounded treads are far tougher on the outside, more resilient on the inside. Less heat, longer wear!

5 COOLER RUNNING. Up to 25° cooler! The unusual combination of design, construction and compounds in Super Hi-Miler lowers internal heat, gives you more mileage.

6 SOFTER SOUND. Zigzag groove length is acoustically engineered to muffle tire noise at high speed.



7 **Dissipates heat as you drive.** New shoulder design has extra large cooling surfaces that work like fins on an air-cooled engine.

Start saving now! At your Goodyear Dealer's or Goodyear Service Store, Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

Yes, outwears! Yes, any other! Super Hi-Miler by

GOODYEAR

Goodyear, Tuftsyn and Hi-Miler are registered trademarks of Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

Contents

AUGUST 12, 1963 Volume 19, Number 7

Cover photograph by Neal Bar

10 Monsters on Top

Huge young pitchers are throwing a different ball through a different strike zone—to the batters' sorrow

16 Poorly Packed for Chicago

Green Bay was the favorite, but a vintage year of college players sorely tested (and upset) the champs

18 Vanderbilt vs. the Establishment

The men who run horse racing get a stern warning about their policies from a wealthy rebel of the turf

28 A Valley with Lots of Elbow Room

A pictorial essay on the wonderful wilderness playground east of California's Sierras

40 Palmer V: Rewards for the Bold

In this final installment of his series, Arnold Palmer explains why you must play the game to the hilt

52 A Ticket for Innsbruck

Travel Editor Fred Smith reports on the hows and whens of attending the Winter Olympics

58 Dogfights in the Texas Sky

Nostalgic World War II pilots buy up some famous old fighter planes and found the Confederate Air Force

The departments

- | | |
|-------------|--------------------|
| 5 Scorecard | 56 Horse Racing |
| 46 Baseball | 65 Baseball's Week |
| 50 Boating | 66 For the Record |
| 52 Travel | 67 19th Hole |
| 54 Bridge | |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly by Time Inc., 340 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, except one issue a year and second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each U.S. and Canadian subscription \$7.00 a year. This issue published in a national edition only.

Acknowledgments on page 84

Next week

RON VANDERKELLEN carries his All-Star Most Valuable Player Award with him to the Vikings' training camp. John Underwood reports on how a celebrated rookie is received.

DAY OF A CATCHER is full of sweet but, in these days of big bonuses, few tears. Four pages of color photographs convey the excitement of this most demanding of all the positions.

VOLKSWAGEN LOVERS are a breed apart, and so is the car. Huston Horn relates the unlikely romance Americans are carrying on with the plainer-Jane automobile on the road today.

Only the first light Scotch can wear the GREEN STRIPE

Andrew Usher blended the first light Scotch in 1853.

His mastery of the blending art gave to Usher's Scotch a unique lightness and smoothness. So greatly prized was his whisky that other distillers followed Usher's methods.

But only the first light Scotch can wear the Green Stripe—the original Usher's, distilled and bottled in Scotland.



©1963
THE J.S. GARVEAU CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
56.9 PROOF

Sports Illustrated

Editor-in-Chief: Henry R. Lutz
Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Luten

Chairman of the Board: Andrew Hinchell
President: James A. Luten
Executive Director: Hedley Doreless

Managing Editor: André Lagoutte
Assistant Managing Editor: Richard W. Johnston,
John Tibby

Art Director: Richard Garner

Senior Editors: Tom Brown, Robert R. Boyle, Arthur L. Bawley, Robert Canfield, Ray Cave, Robert Chasner, Andrew Criswell, Roger S. Hirsch, Gerald Holland, Martin Kano, Hansson B. Mann, Jack Dixon, Cole Phinney, Kenneth Ruden, Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Taa, Roy Terrell, Whitely Towner, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Walter Byington, Joseph Cavall, Lee Ettinger, Houston Hark, William Leggett, Gilbert Rign, Les Woodcock

Staff Writers: Tom C. Brady, Gwynn S. Brown, Barbara Holman, Alice Huggins, Mervyn Hyman, Dan Jenkins, Virginia Keith, Rex Lister, John Lott, John Underwood, Hugh D. Wahl, Jo-Ann Zill

Photographer: PICTURE EDITOR: John M. Sullivan
OFFICE: George J. Bloodgood; ASSISTANTS: Barry Dick, Dorothy Mary; CONSULTING PHOTOGRAPHERS: Phil Barb, Jerry Cooke, James Drake, Walter Isaac, Jr., Mark Kaufman, Neil Lajler, Richard Mink, Marvin E. Newman, Herb Schaffner, Brian Sed, Art Ship, Tony Trice

Writer-Reporters: camp, Hester Fitzpatrick, Duncan Brown, Alec Campbell, Frank DeFord, Peggy Downey, C. D. Jackson, Mary Jane Hodges, Pamela Knapp, Nancy Pierce, Morton Sharpe, Herman Weisback

Reviews: Mary Snow, Eugene Francis, Mary Ann Glick, Felicia Lee, Susan McGinnis, Ross Mary McGrath, John Murphy, Harold Pearson, Patricia Ryan, Paul R. Samard

Consulting Editors: Charles Gorton (Cards), Carlton Mitchell (Football), John O'Reilly (Nascar), William F. Talbot (Tennis)

Producers: Gene Ulrich (Manager), William Oakley (Editor), Mary Jane Hodges, Richard Gortels (Cards), Barry DeMott, Geraldine Simmons, Helen Taylor

Administrative Assistant: Margaret Harris

Art Department: Harvey Grot, Martin Naitan (Assistant Director), William Simmons, Brendan F. Mulvey, Catherine Soroch, Thomas Vanderschuer

Editorial Assistant: Jean Lockhart, Theodor Sappley

Special Correspondents: CHRY, Earl Barton; assistant, Eugene Mason; Atlanta, Jim Hunter; Arizona (Tennis), Jerry Banks; Baltimore, Walter Wand; Boston, Dan Harding; Bethlehem (W.A.), Dolly Connolly; Boston, Leo Monahan; Buffalo, Dick Johnson; Carson City (Vets.), Guy Shuler Jr.; Charlotte (S.C.), Warren Koon; Charlotte (N.C.), Ronald Gittin; Charleston (Pa.), Chris Kramer; Chicago, William Furlong; Cincinnati, Jim Schaffner; Cleveland, Charles Heston; Columbia (Tenn.), Kate Koster; Dallas, Earl Smith, Wes Woot; Denver, Bob Brown; Detroit, Pete Winkler; Greenhouse (N.C.), Sarah Harnett; Hingham (Pa.), John P. Conway; Houston, Jack Guttag; Jacksonville, Bill Kessler; Kansas City, Theodore O'Leary; Key West (Fla.), M. E. Day; Las Vegas (Nev.), George Kird; Lexington (Ky.), Larry Van Housen; Los Angeles, Jack Tobin; Louisville, Larry Bonch; Miami, Edna Papp; Minneapolis, E. R. Gordon; Norfolk, George Barker; Oklahoma City, Bob DeLong; Omaha, Hilda Lyngren; Philadelphia, Gene Stender; Phoenix (Ariz.), Frank Gault; Pittsburgh, Eddie Beacher; Portland (Ore.), John Wilson; Providence, John Haskins; San Diego, Chris Kiser; San Antonio, John J. Jans; San Diego, Al Couppel; San Francisco, Art Rosenbaum; Seattle, Lenora Wilson; South Bend (Ind.), Dave Campbell; Washington, D.C., Fredrick (F.N.), Gordon Martine; Syracuse (N.Y.), William Clark; Tallahassee (Fla.), Bill McGinnis; West (Tenn.), Gene Campbell; Washington, D.C., Marvin Zink; in Boston-Salem (N.C.), Mail Martine

Canada: Calgary, Bob Sivels; Montreal, Arthur Segit; Ottawa, Gordon Deane; Toronto, Rex Macdonald; Vancouver, Eric Whitford

Foreign Bureau: chief, Richard M. Clurman, reports, John Boyle

Publisher: Sydney L. Jansen
Associate Publisher: Gerry Vail
Advertising Sales Director: Stephen E. Kelly
General Manager: Raymond R. Ammend Jr.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

Time Inc. also publishes Time, Life, Fortune, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM, HOUSE & HOME and, in connection with its subsidiaries, the inspirational editions of Time and Life. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Hinchell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Luten; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles E. Sullivan; President, James A. Luten, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Beaudouin; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barker; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernard M. Asst, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Backhaus, R. M. Buckler, Jerome S. Harty, C. D. Jackson, Arthur R. Murphy Jr., Ralph D. Peier Jr., F. F. Pitzer, William C. Pullen Jr., Controller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Controller and Assistant Secretary, Charles E. Glason Jr.; Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis; Assistant Treasurer, Evan S. Jorgis; Assistant Treasurer, Richard B. McKnough.

Sports Illustrated SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE

Please include a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED label to insure prompt delivery not whenever you write about your subscription

MAIL TO: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
240 North Michigan Ave., Chicago
IL 60611, Charles A. Adams, Gen'l Mgr

TO SUBSCRIBE mail this form with your payment, check ☐ new subscription, ☐ renew or present subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 3 yr. \$7.00. All other subscriptions, 1 yr. \$2.00.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS attach label here

If you're moving, please let us know six weeks before changing your address. Please enclose address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIPCODE _____

SCORECARD

LEFT HOOKS AND TENTERHOOKS

In Manhattan last week Cassius Clay was battling a record, and in Chester, Pa. Jack Nilon was biting his fingernails. Each in his way, both men were waiting for Emperor Sonny Liston to decide whether there would be a September Clay-Liston title fight in Philadelphia.

As for Clay, he was willing, at a moment's notice, to wrap up the LP (it will be a recital of his poems and snappy sayings labeled *I Am the Greatest*), check out of his plush suite at the Americana Hotel and go into serious training for the first time in his life. Previously Clay has trained, so to speak, in Miami. This time he would hole up in a monastic work camp in New Jersey, "chopping wood and letting the reporters in for just a few minutes a day."

Jack Nilon, Liston's adviser, and his brothers, Bob and Jim Nilon, who will promote the fight, are just as eager as Cassius. Although only eight weeks remain before Sept. 30, tentative date for the fight, everything and everybody stands ready, says Bob Nilon. "The tickets and program are at the printers, waiting for the word. Philadelphia Stadium has been mapped out. The vendors are marking time. There's not a detail we have overlooked. After all, we've been planning this fight for more than a year."

What the Nilon boys had not planned for was Pennsylvania Attorney General Walter Alessandro. Last week he ruled against the fight application made by Intercontinental Promotions, a corporation composed principally of Bob and Jim Nilon and Liston himself. By promoting his own fight, Liston stood to be taxed on a relatively moderate corporate basis, rather than on straight income (in his case, up to 90%). But such an arrangement, said the attorney general, violated the state's athletic code.

Stung by the decision ("We had consulted experts first," Bob Nilon pointed afterward), the Nilons had one alternative: drop Liston from the corporation but increase his share of the purse. And although Liston, hedgehopping around the country, was making negative noises

and talking about next year, when his tax situation would be much improved, Jack Nilon was confident he would come around. "Ten percent of \$2 million," said Jack with ironclad logic, "still beats 48% of no purse at all."

GRAND TOUR

At odds for years on the question of off-track betting as a source of revenue in New York, Assembly Speaker Joseph F. Carlino (Republican and dead against it) and Mayor Robert F. Wagner (Democrat and all for it) are standing eyeball to eyeball again. Carlino recently announced that he was sending two assembly employees to London to investigate legalized bookmaking. Wagner's instant response: he is sending two city employees abroad, and not just to London but to Paris and New Zealand as well. In both cases read, to confirm their bosses' opinions. Both politicians obviously are eager to get the taxpayer's money and are happy to spend his money to get it.

JERSEY BOUNCE

Jacks, as all children know, is a game in which, using only one hand, you bounce a ball and—while it is in the air—quickly pick up jackstones, first one, then two and on up to 10. Now comes word from New Jersey that adults have taken it up. Herb Hosking, a proper insurance type with a good jack hand, started the ball bouncing at Lake Valhalla's tennis-and-swim club recently. He simply proclaimed himself the men's singles jacks champion. His fellow club members were not willing to let a title like that go unchallenged. Now any weekday afternoon around 4 you can find Herb on the clubhouse porch surrounded by as many as 20 men and women, all down on their knees. Rules are simple and strictly enforced. No help from children, no furtive practicing at home, no pillows for sore knees. And you have to bring your own gin. Some players are good enough to sweep up all 10 jacks and go on to intricate variations called "chicken in the basket" and "sheep over the

fence." Others aren't as nimble. "We've had a few hospital cases," said Hosking. "One of our junior players, he's 29, made a wild throw, lunged off balance and broke his elbow. And he was only on two ones."

Adult jacks has everything, even a mysterious blonde who wanders in to watch. "There's one in every jacks contest the world over," said Hosking, who by now is a former champion. "They are usually called Edie, but we haven't figured this one out yet."

IDAHO FLOTATION

This weekend in Boise, Idaho—or any other weekend until the chill of autumn sets in—much of the city's population will gather on the banks of the Boise River to rag up for a diversion known as "tubing." So far as we know, tubing is unique to Boise, though it could be enjoyed anywhere that has a reasonably placid river running through town.

From basements, attics and garages the population of Boise assembles inner tubes, gaily colored plastic air mattresses and yellow survival rafts, and then,



clad in bathing suits, gathers by the river. Elderly matrons, children, mothers and fathers, swarms of high school kids, college co-eds and their admirers, all come to float a seven-mile stretch that starts at an irrigation diversion dam about five miles above town. The river gurgles coolly out of the mountains, is restrained by two dams, wanders past three city parks, through the center of town and on down the valley. The well-equipped float party includes an extra

continued



Little Roses

Purely pretty . . . flocks of small roses, clustered on Ferretel® polyester and cotton. The delicacy of the print is in delightful contrast to the firm and steadfast honesty of the VILLAGER® shirt. Its changelessly excellent lines proclaim the woman of active life and independent mind. Red, Blue, Brown. Sizes 8 to 16.

About eight dollars at good stores and college shops



1407 Broadway, New York

SCORECARD (continued)

inner tube holding up a cooler full of beer, plastic bags full of boiled eggs and celery and plastic Clorox bottles of Martini or Scotch on the rocks bobbing along behind on a rope. Family groups are strung together by ropes. Young lovers float side by side on twin plastic air mattresses. Athletic types attempt with mighty strokes to set speed records, flashing past intellectuals who never move a muscle except to turn the pages of a book. The possessor of a four-man tube finds it ideal for bridge.

Halfway down the course a tavern stands on the riverbank, strategically placed to help neglectful tubers rectify the error of not having brought enough along. For most tubers the adventure ends with a picnic in the beautiful green park at the edge of town. Here in the twilight they pull their craft from the water and enjoy steaks or hot dogs cooked over open fires.

EXOOS

Pennsylvania's highly original experiment—naming as commissioner of a sport a man who knows something about that sport—has ended with the resignation of Lawrence Sheppard as chairman of the state harness racing commission. Sheppard, one of the most respected men in trotting for almost 50 years, defended himself for three years against a politically inspired barrage of irresponsible scattershot charges (SI, June 5, 1961) by Democrats (he is a Republican) before he quit in disgust. At bottom, what irritated the politicians was that Sheppard was more concerned with the welfare of the sport than with reaping big profits for the well-connected Pennsylvanians and the tax office. He joins Alfred Vanderbilt (see page 18) in unmerited exile as a dangerous radical.

TIGER A LA MAHARAJA

A couple of maharajas were whooping it up in the back room of one of their palaces last year and, in the course of a merry evening, decided to sell American tourists a tiger hunt at, say, \$140 a day. But a rather special tiger hunt.

Naturally, the first place they made the offer was in Houston. There, last week, the Maharaja of Baroda and his sidekick, the Nawab Habeeb Jung Bahadur of Pargah, made their pitch with refreshing candor.

"We know," the maharaja said, "that for many hunters, including the Texans,

the Indian tiger is the last word, the final dream. For us, we shoot them like rats."

His Royal Highness is now president of Princely Travel India, which is working with American Express and British Overseas Airways to sell various tours. One very special job is called the Grand Mogul Tour and includes:

One tiger brought into range of client. Air-conditioned palace quarters.

Personalized stationery adorned with royal crest, and monogrammed linen, which guests are urged to steal.

Silver boxes for the ladies to carry betel nut in.

Twenty-four-hour bar service, whisky served only in silver flasks.

Torchlight pageants with hundreds of natives, dozens of elephants and beives of dancing girls.

A tour of the Taj Mahal, guided by a descendant of the man who built it.

The maharaja, with a delicate appreciation of local rivalries, also assured the Houstonians that the offer would not be made in Dallas.

HASTY INVESTIGATION

When the Wally Butts football scandal broke last March, it was assumed that the Southeastern Conference would proceed at once with its own investigation of the case. Instead, to use a phrase popular in the South, it has proceeded "with all deliberate speed." As Butts's \$10 million libel suit against *The Saturday Evening Post* went to trial in Atlanta, Commissioner Bernie Moore announced that the conference finally had acted—it had selected a law professor to "investigate." His first assignment: go to Atlanta and attend the trial.

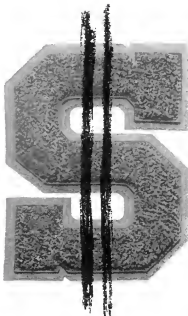
SEA CHANGE

The boy wonder of the Indianapolis "500" is Jack Zink, a Tulsa man who has sent cars to the Brickyard since 1950, has won it twice and in 1962 introduced the first gas-turbine entry. His achievements at Indianapolis have been backed by racing-car equipment and tools worth somewhere around \$6 million. His drive has been to produce machines that will whirl around the brick oval at 150 mph or better.

Now something has happened to Zink. He is concerned with the calibration of speed differences of as little as one-tenth of a knot. He has taken up sailboating.

In his new hobby Sailor Zink discovered early that it is difficult to judge the minute speed differentials that win sailboat races. His sailboat had neither

Will you have
what's needed
to send your
children to
college



? No matter how young your children are, it's none too soon to be making financial plans for their college days. In fact, it might possibly be a little late even now.

In "Planning for College Costs," a booklet specially prepared for New York Life, Sidney Sulkin, Education Editor of *Changing Times*, the Kiplinger Magazine, points out that higher education expenses will continue to spiral over the years, and he stresses the importance of preparing well in advance.

Not a luxury, but a necessity. "Though the demand for educated workers is expected to increase, the competition for jobs will become more severe, too," writes Mr. Sulkin, underlining the necessity for education beyond high school, as well as the greater salary expectations and

security which college graduates enjoy. Fortunately, however—and despite growing classroom shortage and entrance competition—"any qualified student can find a suitable school to go to," and *will* go if parents plan ahead realistically.

What about scholarships? Perhaps your child will win one of those coveted and highly competitive scholarships—but don't count on it. Besides, most scholarships pay only a part of the total bill. An ambitious young person may also earn some of his or her needed expenses. Even so, more and more financial support will certainly be required in the years ahead.

In a detailed discussion, this authority analyzes various ways of financing a college education: long-term loans, state loan programs, installment loans, per-

sonal savings, stocks, government bonds and life insurance, citing the advantages and faults of each.

Get your free booklet. Every parent will want to read this informative booklet. For your *free* copy, send the coupon, or ask your New York Life Agent. *The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know.*

START YOUR FINANCIAL PLANNING WITH
NEW YORK LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY 
Life Insurance • Group Insurance • Annuities
Health Insurance • Pension Plans

New York Life Insurance Company
Dept. 3674, Box 322, Madison Square Station
New York, New York 10010
(In Canada: 447 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.)

I would like a free copy of
"Planning for College Costs"

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
COUNTY _____



There's no timesome waiting with a Beechcraft Bonanza. It's ready to fly your key executives wherever they're needed—whenever they're ready to go.

The secret of being in "2 places at once"

Executives who get things done know how to be, almost literally, in two places at once. Their secret is not a magic wand or even a magic carpet. It's a company Beechcraft.

Beechcrafts pay for themselves by getting your key people to more places, more often, where their decisions can make money. Many companies report their Beechcrafts paid out this way in a year—or less.

A Beechcraft Bonanza (above) is used by more business executives than any other single-engine airplane in the world. Now producing profits for many thousands of companies a Bonanza seats 4 people in deep-cushioned reclining chairs. Key men go where they're needed at speeds 5 times faster than normal ground transportation. And a Bonanza takes you to "close in" airports of major markets, and to thousands of airport cities not served by airlines. Get more facts now about this "business machine" that pays for itself.



Fly it yourself? Sure! Today, thousands of executives—many in their fifties—are learning to fly. If you drive a car, you, too can learn to fly a Beechcraft. It's easy—and fun!

Get more facts now

Executives: It costs you nothing to get the facts now about the advantages of Beechcraft ownership. Write today for: ☐ Actual Case Histories of companies flying Beechcrafts ☐ "Dollars and Sense of Business Flying" ☐ New illustrated folders on fast, money new Beechcrafts.

Address: Beech Aircraft Corp., Public Relations Dept., 9749 E. Central, Wichita 1, Kansas, U. S. A.

Beechcraft

The World Is Small When You Fly A

FOR AEROSPACE . . . BEECH

"IMAGINUTY" has produced the world's largest titanium structure—this ultra-light rocket fuel tank. Built entirely by Beech, it can hold 7,000 gallons of pressurized liquid hydrogen. Beech-pioneered techniques used in making it include chemical milling and production welding of titanium as thin as .012".



Weapon Systems Managers: May we help you? Write wire or phone Contract Adm., Beech Aerospace Division Wichita 1, Kansas.

SCORECARD

throttle nor speedometer. Astute trimming of sails, adjusting the centerboard and such can trim seconds and win races but, aboard a vessel like his Lightning class sloop and at speeds that often approximate a mere three knots, the determination of what maneuver is best in a given situation can be most subtle. Traditionally, the best combination of ingredients has been arrived at by arduously achieved compounds derived from trial and error.

Zink seems to be changing all that. He has invented a gadget that gauges the relative increase or decrease in speed resulting from any maneuver. The contraption consists of a slim steel tube, a movable spring within the tube, a plastic red-and-white fishing bobber and a length of line sufficient to drag the contrivance well beyond the turbulence of the wake, which would foul up his readings. The whole thing cost him, maybe, a dollar.

The plastic bobber is drilled with eight holes, four on a side, so that water can pass through. With this water flow the filled bobber has exactly the density of water. Trimming the sails shows whether you get more distance for a given maneuver, or less. The device does not show how fast you are going but whether, by a certain experiment, you have gained or lost speed.

Last weekend, sailing his Lightning Juvette on Oklahoma's Grand Lake, Zink won his first race.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

With a good day's salmon fishing behind him, Leslie Douglas, who had been fishing off California's Humboldt Bay bar, was in an amiable mood. He drew alongside another boat and said, "Have some. I've got too many."

He had, in fact, two too many. The California limit is three. Douglas had five. The other fisherman was Harold Carling, fish and game warden.

THEY SAID IT

• Adolph Rupp, basketball coach at the University of Kentucky: "Any boy born in Kentucky today has two ambitions, to be President of the United States and to play basketball for the University of Kentucky."

• Vic Wertz, Minnesota's veteran first baseman, after Mickey Mantle hit a long one in batting practice: "That guy could hit from an operating table."

END

(a beer)



(is a beer)



(is a beer)



but, a

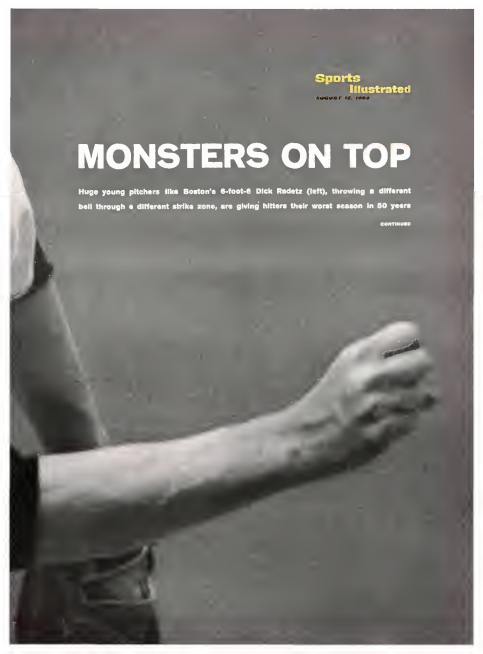
Bier

(is Amstel from Amsterdam)



AMSTEL BEER - BREWED AND BOTTLED IN HOLLAND - IMPORTED BY AMSTEL AMERICA CORP., N.Y.





**Sports
Illustrated**

AUGUST 12, 1994

MONSTERS ON TOP

Huge young pitchers like Boston's 6-foot-6 Dick Redetz (left), throwing a different ball through a different strike zone, are giving hitters their worst season in 50 years

CONTINUED

IS THE BALL DEAD?

On a recent Saturday the major league standings showed a record of remarkable lullaby on the part of half the hitters in the National League. The scores for the day read:

Son Francisco 3	Milwaukee 0
Pittsburgh 3	Chicago 0
Cincinnati 3	Houston 0
Philadelphia 2	New York 0
St. Louis 2	Los Angeles 1

Eleven hours and 21 minutes of baseball—and the hitters on the losing teams managed to produce exactly one run. In a baseball era when runs are cheap, it seemed, on the surface, a most unusual Saturday. But it was not. Things have been going pretty much that way all season. Batters are finding first base a tough place to reach and a lot of shrewd baseball men have been groping, not too successfully, for the reasons. "Either the pitchers are better than the salaries we're paying," said Dodger President Walter O'Malley, "or else the hitters aren't earning the contracts they hold."

This was a far call from two years ago when every time a pitcher threw a baseball he was likely to get it back at 120 mph, and tough old Early Wynn was heard to say of the rocketing ball: "I'm afraid to hold that thing in my hand too long. It might explode on me." At the end of that fearsome 1961 season, baseball's most honored record—Babe Ruth's 60 home runs—was surpassed by Roger Maris, and a score of other sluggers had a high old time hitting a baseball as it had never been hit before.

This year, however, it almost seems that they may never hit the ball that way again. The composite batting average for the National League, .244, for the American League, .247, only five and eight points higher than in 1959 and 1960, the worst years ever for batters. And that was a time when baseballs were loosely packed and freely spat-upon. Already this season there have been more shutouts (see box) in the National League than there were all last year. Shutouts for the American League are way up, too. Earned run averages are lower. Home

runs are hearish. There are fewer walks this year, and games are shorter. Just last week Yankee Pitcher Ralph Terry threw 75 pitches in beating the Kansas City Athletics. "I don't know why the hitters aren't hitting," said the Giants' Don Larsen, "but I'll tell you this—I like it."

One reason the hitters are suffering is that the pitchers are bigger, younger, stronger and smarter than ever. But the two things that made the year of the pitcher come with such dramatic suddenness are: 1) a ball that seems less lively; 2) a bigger strike zone.

At the beginning of the season nobody was buying the notion that the 1963 ball was different. And even through July, as home run balls nestled into outfielders' gloves and people like Willie Mays hit .270, hardly anyone suggested that the Spalding factory was doing anything to make it less explosive. "That's a lot of bunk," said Rocky Colavito of the Tigers. "The ball's as lively as ever."

"I don't know anything about the construction of a baseball," said the Dodgers' Tommy Davis. "All I know is that when you hit it good it will go."

Edwin L. Parker, president of Spalding, does know about the construction of a baseball and he insists that the idea of a dead ball is ridiculous. "I don't contend that all baseballs are the same from year to year," Parker said. "The materials that go into a baseball—rubber, fiber, leather—are impossible to blend consistently. But I can tell you this. There has been absolutely no change in the manufacturing process at the Spalding factory—not in 1961, not now, not ever."

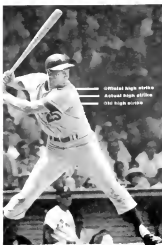
But baseball men insisted there was no change in the ball in 1961—and they were wrong. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED tested the ball then and found that it was livelier than in previous years. Last week, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED again had the ball tested, by Dr. F. A. Wallace, consulting engineer of West Caldwell, N.J., and the Haller Testing Laboratories of Plainfield, N.J. The results indicate the ball is different than the one batters were



Edward Tierce of the Haller Testing Laboratories measures the rebound of a 1963 ball.

	Weight	Compression	Rebound*
1963	5.31 oz.	.167 in.	8 ft. 4 in.
1961	5.29 oz.	.162 in.	8 ft. 9½ in.
CHANCE	-0.18 oz.	+.005 in.	-.5½ in.

*Free-fall drop from 24 ft. 5 in.



Upper limit of strike zone—as it was in 1961 season, as it is supposed to be in 1963 and as the umpires are really calling it—is shown on Outfielder Frank Howard of the Los Angeles Dodgers.

HITTERS ARE DYING

by TOM C. BRODY

hitting for so many home runs in 1961

"The tests," wrote Dr. Wallace in his report, "made on a dozen American League and a dozen National League baseballs, all received in sealed cartons, were made in accordance with procedures outlined in the previous report." In those tests the ball was weighed and tested for compression and dropped from a specially constructed tower to determine rebound.

This year the tested balls proved lighter than in 1961. "A lighter ball," said Dr. Wallace, "is a deader ball." In the compression test, under a static load of 100 pounds, the 1963 balls were 3% softer. That, too, means a deader ball. But the most dramatic and most revealing test was for rebound. After 72 drops from a height of 26 feet 8 inches onto a steel-and-concrete platform (top, left), Dr. Wallace concluded that 5% of the old bounce is definitely not there. This means that a ball Roger Maris hit into the seats 400 feet away in 1961 would fall 20 feet short of the seats today.

Besides swinging at a deader ball, the hitters are having their troubles protecting a strike zone that the rules committee made bigger last winter. How much bigger? Not very much, really. Officially, the top of the strike zone was raised from the letters on the uniform to the top of the shoulder. Actually, the umpires are calling the high pitch somewhere in between. Still, the top has been raised enough to start the batters thinking, a thing most hitters should never attempt. "I'm afraid now to take a high pitch," says Philadelphia Catcher Clay Dalrymple. "I start saying to myself, 'What's a strike and what isn't?' By the time you get through mulling it over, the ball is by you."

"Just one call on a high strike can affect a hitter for days," says Houston's All-Star Relief Pitcher Hal Woodeshack. "I've seen a lot of them swinging at bad balls this year. It must be what you call a psycho effect. The batters get behind on the count and you've got 'em."

"The new strike zone is helping the pitchers, all right," said Phillies Manager Gene Mauch. "The batters are panicking on that high pitch. They don't know whether to swing or not."

Most players agree, too, that the strike zone is bigger, not only up and down but also crosswise. "They're cornering us to death," says Kansas City's Gino Cimoli, in bitter recollection of the many times umpires have called strikes this year on pitches close to the edge of the plate. Cimoli's manager, ex-Pitcher Ed Lopat, agrees. "The umpires seem to be giving the pitchers the edge on inside and outside pitches as well as high and low."

The same thing is happening in the National League. Johnny Edwards, Cincinnati's fine young catcher says: "The umpires have widened the plate a little—more than ever before." Though much of this may sound like the perennial grumping of low-average hitters and low-standing managers, the fact is that there have been 1,000 fewer baves on balls this season.

While the rulemakers and baseball manufacturers have added three inches and 5% to the pitcher's happy life, the

burden is still on the pitchers to throw the deader ball through the bigger strike zone. As of last week, they were doing it uncommonly well, and in the case of a flock of strapping youngsters they were doing it superbly. "Look 'em over," urges Dodger Lee Walls with the gusto of a used-car salesman. "The new young pitchers are all tall, strong and big. The man who hits .280 against these people will get a raise." No doubt he will. Chicago Outfielder Floyd Robinson, the last man in the elite top 10 hitters in the American League, currently has an average of .286.

Walls is also right when he says pitchers today are younger and bigger. Prime example is 6-foot-6, 240-pound reliever Dick Radatz of the Boston Red Sox, who is known fondly as Monster by fans, Moby Dick by teammates. Last year, age 24, Radatz won nine games, lost six and had a 2.23 earned run average—handsome figures, to be sure, but nothing like

continued

AS THE AVERAGES GO DOWN, DOWN, DOWN...

(Figures include both leagues in games played through August 2)

PITCHING	1962	1963
Earned run average	4.04	3.50
Shutouts	128	190
Pitchers with ERA of less than 3.00	13	36
Strikeouts	11,676	12,554
Bases on balls	7,421	6,423
HITTING		
Batting average	.258	.265*
Home runs	2,077	1,808

*Since start 1963 to

... THE YOUNGER PITCHERS SPROUT UP, UP, UP

AGE	1946	1953	1963
Average	30	29	28
Pitchers under 26	10	43	60
WEIGHT			
Average	189	189.6	191.8
Pitchers over 210	10	12	30
HEIGHT			
Average	6 ft. 0.9 in.	6 ft. 1 in.	6 ft. 1.6 in.
Pitchers over 6 ft. 3 in.	8	14	39

this year. Thoroughly cured of an intermittently sore arm and with a better idea where his awesome fast ball is going, Radatz has already won 12 games, saved six more and appears larger and more unattractive to batters as the season goes on. In Cincinnati 6-foot-2, 200-pound Jim Maloney won 17 games and lost only three. The Cubs' Dick Ellsworth, 23 years old and 6 feet 4 inches tall, has a current E.R.A. of 2.07, and he seems sure to win 20. At the beginning of the season the Yankees were wistfully hoping that Jim Bouton, 24 years old and with only one year on the varsity, might partially solve some of their bullpen problems. Injuries forced the Yankees to make a starter of Bouton and he has won 14 games in this capacity. It is also fair to include Sandy Koufax, 6 feet 2, 200 pounds and, at 27, as good as a human being can become at winning baseball games. Imposing as they are, these are only a few of the three or four dozen

young hrutes who are persecuting major league batsmen. "Pitching is too tough anymore," says Cardinal Shortstop Dick Groat, though he himself has stood up handsomely (.336) to the monsters. "Used to be you could count on one or two good pitchers each series, and get at least one lamb to help the batting average. Not anymore."

There is, of course, no reason why pitchers—like swimmers, pole vaulters and other athletes whose feats are more measurable—should not have improved over the years. The mystery is why it has not come sooner. Pitching was 75% of baseball even before Connie Mack said so long ago.

But for some odd reason, any fine-looking athlete with other assets besides being able to throw hard usually was given large amounts of money not to pitch. The theory was, all that talent should be producing every day instead of one in four. Recently, however, base-

ball men have begun to listen to their tired but truthful cliché, and the pitching prospects are getting the biggest money of all. Bob Garibaldi, for example, was handed \$150,000 to leave college and pitch for the San Francisco Giants.

Now, once a boy is signed as a pitcher, he stays that way. "The trend," said Cardinal Third Baseman Ken Boyer, "was to convert young pitchers to other positions—like Stan Musial and myself. Bob Gibson and Ray Sadecki, for instance, can handle a bat well and probably could have made it at some other position. That's changed. Good-hitting pitchers are nice to have around, but you don't go making them into outfielders now."

Besides being permitted to practice their trade, today's young pitchers are lovingly schooled in its finer points. Gathering around TV sets as small children, they get a long, hard look at the best pitchers in baseball. Later, as Little Leaguers, they play on beautifully kept

Jim Bouton, the Yankees' 24-year-old emergency starter, has won 14 games.



diamonds under mother-hen managers, and by the time they are 12, they can reach for a rosin bag with the professional aplomb of Whitey Ford. After that comes PONY League, Babe Ruth League, high school, maybe college, baseball camps, baseball clinics and the minors. "I had no idea of what a changeup was when I first came to the major leagues," said Howie Pollet, once the jewel of a superb Cardinal pitching staff and now a St. Louis coach. "I go to clinics for 14-year-olds and they're not only working on changeups but sliders and curves—at 14 years old, for crying out loud. It took me years to learn these things." Today the rookies are arriving in the majors with everything learned. Twenty-two-year-old Ray Culp, for example, has pitched four shutouts for the Phillies this year and won 10 games with a degree of poise and an assortment of pitches that has amazed rival batters.

"He struck me out with a fast ball,

a changeup and two different speed curves," said a batter recently. "A few years ago, with a rookie, I could have laid back and waited for his fast ball because that would be the only thing he could get over the plate."

Culp is not the only rookie with a veteran's *know-how*. "In my day pitchers had two pitches they could control," said Ed Lopat. "Now they have three, four, sometimes five. Batters don't get to see the fast ball in those 2-and-0 and 3-and-0 situations. It's always a breaking ball—a curve, a slider, a screwball, a knuckle."

"Pitchers got smart about four or five years ago," Lopat went on. "It was a case of self-preservation. The rules favored the hitters, and pitchers simply had to do something about it. They did. They began to really study the art of pitching. They worked at and mastered new pitches. They perfected their control. These pitchers have now matured.

But remember this. The majority won't reach their peak for another four or five years."

This is bad news indeed for the hitters, thinking and otherwise, who are already being high-pitched, cornered, psyched, dead-buffed, buffed and just generally struck out. Since baseball is a game of averages, in which everything eventually balances out, the day may not be too far off when the technique of the big, young hitters, of whom there are quite a few, catches up with that of the big, young pitchers. Batters and umpires, too, will adjust to the new strike zone. Ball and strike calls will become more consistent, and when the hitters learn what is and what is not a strike, they will be looser and quicker with the bat than they are in these uncertain times. Until that day arrives, however, the sluggers are inclined to agree with Pittsburgh's Donn Clendenon. "Man," he says, "I'm just trying to survive."

END

Philadelphia's fine rookie Ray Culp came to the majors at 22, but he has a veteran's poise and gets 100 pounds behind a variety of pitches.



POORLY PACKED FOR A CHICAGO TRIP

The College All-Stars had size, speed, agility, confidence and, happily, Ron VanderKelen, and before the long, hot night had ended they also had Green Bay

by DAN JENKINS

There is nothing seriously wrong with the Green Bay Packers, the football champions of the world, that Coach Vince Lombardi cannot correct by sewing a few times. But, almost brutally, an inspired and remarkably accomplished band of College All-Stars (graduates who will be pro rookies this year) managed to convince a lot of disbelievers of at least one important Lombardi dictum last week: the Packers have problems. The Stars stung Green Bay 20-17 in hushed Chicago's Soldier Field—and they might easily have won by more. Before the game, as the Packers toiled



away at their training camp at St. Norbert College near Green Bay, Wis. Lombardi had looked troubled and mentioned, mostly to giggling skeptics, a trio of crises facing his 1963 team. In order of anguish, they were 1) complacency, the disease that can creep up on all winners; 2) the absence of Halfback Paul Hornung, suspended for a year for betting; and 3) the permanent loss of Defensive End Bill Quinlan, who had been traded away. What made Lombardi's apprehensions just a bit difficult to believe were the Packers themselves. They had enjoyed a good camp. Indeed, before their almost fatal run-in with the pro rookies, they were said to be ahead of their schedule of previous years.

In one scrimmage, when Reserve Tackle Ron Kostelnik was injured, 12-year veteran Dave Hanmer and All-Pro Tackle Henry Jordan burst from the sideline and had a footrace to see who would replace him. Later, Linebacker Ray Nitschke and Center Jim Ringo engaged in a one-on-one, you-and-me drill that rattled beer mugs in downtown Green Bay. First, Ringo flattened Nitschke. Then Nitschke trampled Ringo and smothered the runner, All-League Fullback Jim Taylor. The Packers seemed both trim and eager. Moreover, they could even joke about the loss of Hornung.

It was Fred Thurston, the guard who joins Ringo and Guard Jerry Kramer to give Green Bay one of pro football's all-time offensive middles, who got up at an evening meal at St. Norbert and announced that he wished to dedicate a song. "Wherever you are, Paul, life goes on here as usual," he chirped tunefully. The swollen laughter that followed was proof enough to all, except possibly Lombardi, that the Packers were not only mechanically secure—they had the strong running bench of Tom Moore, Earl Gros and Elijah Pats to replace Hornung—but that they were able to take Hornung's loss cheerfully.

As Quarterback Bart Starr argued: "Sentimentally, we miss him very much, but we've won before without him and we can do it again."

The Packers' third problem, finding a new defensive end, was the most techni-

cal, but it also seemed to be the easiest solved. From the Los Angeles Rams, Lombardi got 270-pound Urban Henry, who looked delighted with his change of address. Pushing Henry was Rookie Lionel Aldridge from Utah State, and soon there would be their No. 1 draft choice, Penn State's aggressive Dave Robinson. In the minds of most Packers there was really very little to worry about. Then came Chicago and the College All-Stars. Complacency may not be a problem with Green Bay anymore.

Stars of the Stars

It is unlikely that any All-Star squad in the game's 30-year history had more talent in the line from the standpoints of size, speed and mobility than the one the Packers met. As a package, it was also the most expensive, for the pros had paid some staggering prices for rookies such as Ed Budde (6 feet 5, 260, Michigan State), Jim Dunaway (6 feet 4, 254, Mississippi), Bobby Bell (6 feet 4½, 220, Minnesota), Dave Behrman (6 feet 4½, 265, Michigan State), Junious Buchanan (6 feet 6, 270, Grambling), Bob Vogel (6 feet 5, 240, Ohio State) and Chuck Sieminski (6 feet 5, 255, Penn State). What these collegians did was handle the Packers in an area where they have seldom been handled before—the line. At times, this vintage crop of graduates almost ate up the Packers, blocking viciously on offense, tackling as though they had just been introduced to this marvelous pastime. So tough was the collegiate line that Coach Otto Graham's Stars outgained the Packers and ran the ball on 35 ground plays to Green Bay's 25, a telling statistic.

The prideful rookies, led offensively in the line by Budde, Behrman, Vogel and Don Chuy of Clemson, swept away the Green Bay defenses and cleared paths for a wrath of driving, stylish backs, the best of whom were Washington's Charlie Mitchell, Nebraska's Bill Thornton and Southern Cal's Ben Wilson. Under the whip of the continually exciting passing arm of Wisconsin's Ron VanderKelen (nine of 11 completions), the collegians refused to be awed by the Packers and even had the disrespect to shove the game out of reach, 20-10, before Green Bay could mount a sustained drive. The winning margin came on another of those VanderKelen-to-Pat Richter passing gems that Wisconsin rooters

admired so much last year, particularly in the Rose Bowl. This was a risky flat pass, designed to get the Stars a merefirst down, but it turned into a thunderbolt when the Packers' Jesse Whitten, who knows better, committed himself too quickly on the corner. Richter could have run to Green Bay, but he only had to go 74 yards for the touchdown.

Defensively, the All-Stars were just as spectacular. Their tall secondary never allowed a long pass and were on top of most short tosses. No less than six times the Packers were spilled for losses by such sure-tackling rookies as Lee Roy Jordan (Alabama), Bell, Fred Miller (Louisiana State) and Danny Brabham (Arkansas). Once Jordan, who weighs only 206, met the murderous Jim Taylor head on and drove him back. "It's a good thing Jordan isn't 25 pounds heavier," said admiring Scout Hampton Poole of Los Angeles. "He'd kill somebody."

What killed the Packers in Chicago was this combination of Jordan and friends and those things that Lombardi had been warning everybody about, but to little effect. The night was littered with almost as many Green Bay horrors as it was by collegiate heroics. Bart Starr threw badly. The Packers clipped twice and held once, and they interfered with a fair-catch punt. They fumbled the ball on the Stars' 13, had a pass intercepted, blew two field goals and overthrew a sure touchdown pass. The All-Stars made some of the same mistakes themselves, but one can be more forgiving of them than of the professionals. Starr wanted to take the full rap himself. "I stunk up the place," he said. He was honest, but only partly to blame.

Coach Otto Graham was shrewd enough to take advantage of the Packer deficiency at the defensive right end. Ray Nitschke, the linebacker, was out with an injury, and this added to the pressure on Urban Henry and Aldridge at end. The collegians made nearly all of their significant ground gains on this vulnerable spot. They began on their first touchdown drive, from six yards out, when Larry Ferguson crashed into embarrassed Green Bay's end zone on first down. This was the first of many embarrassments inflicted by a confident, almost impudent 1963 All-Star squad that was so good and so deep that Otto Graham could not even get Heisman Trophy Winner Terry Baker into the game. **END**

Glynn Griffing hits a first-down pass as Stars Ben Wilson (48) and Ed Budde (79) provide the protection a quarterback needs.



VANDERBILT

by ALFRED WRIGHT

One of the great names in horse racing warns the reigning Pooh-Bahs of the turf that their emphasis on attendance and betting handle is endangering the sport

Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt might be called a well-triangulated man. In Thoroughbred racing, a sport that has been the preoccupation of his life, Vanderbilt has at one time or other been an enthusiastic follower, a successful breeder-owner and a highly respected racetrack operator. In the wider spectrum of life, he has been a patron of the arts, a businessman and a philanthropist. At the moment it is the breeder-owner side of Vanderbilt (see cover) that is dominant, and all horsemen who are not sympathetic to the cause of breeders and owners are advised to man the barricades.

It is not that Vanderbilt is unusually contentious. Actually, at the lively age of 50, he has a friendly, easygoing air about him, although there is enough acid in the mixture to have once caused him to refer to himself as "a Fred Allen with-

out jokes." Part of this may be attributed to the fact that after only a year and a half at Yale University, Vanderbilt abandoned his education to devote himself entirely to the raising and running of Thoroughbreds. What George Santayana once said of Philosopher William James, another nonconformist with an irregular formal education, applies equally to Vanderbilt. "He never acquired . . . those safe ways of feeling and judging which are fostered in great schools and universities. In consequence, he showed an almost physical horror of club sentiment and of the stifling atmosphere of all officialdom."

Vanderbilt describes himself in somewhat different terms, although the general principle is the same. "I have never learned," he has said, "how to keep my mouth shut. I have always felt that the

fellow who cares ought to speak up and not shut up."

Right now Vanderbilt cares a great deal about the current trends in Thoroughbred racing. While gratefully conceding that there have been a number of improvements in the ways and means of racing through the years, he is speaking up in no uncertain terms about what he feels are some of the harmful trends that prevail. As president of the Thoroughbred Owners and Breeders Association, a group that represents exactly what the name suggests, he has some heartfelt words of warning and advice for the Establishment of racing, not just in his own New York state but throughout the rest of the country as well.

The major points in Vanderbilt's immediate bill of particulars are:

- 1) Thoroughbred racing is now much

CAPTAIN HARRY F. GUGGENHEIM



JAMES COX BRADY



JOHN W. HANES



VS. RACING'S ESTABLISHMENT



JOHN W. GALBREATH



GEORGE M. HUMPHREY



CHRISTOPHER T. CHENERY

too concerned with the betting dollar.

2) Management is not putting on a good show for the customers.

3) The heavy emphasis on sprints and claiming races overvalues the cheap horse and discourages the breeding and training of classic Thoroughbreds.

4) The officiating at racetracks is uneven, sometimes uninformed and occasionally unfair.

It probably seems like a paradox to find the name of Alfred Vanderbilt lined up opposite the Establishment, for in the eyes of the grandstand punter he is a part of this Establishment just as surely as the \$2 window is a gate to riches. On most days at Aqueduct or Saratoga, the railbird can look up from his trackside perch and see the still youthful-looking Vanderbilt sitting hatless in his front-row box at the finish line in solid phalanx

with the historic old names of racing—the Whitneys, Bostwicks, Sanfords, Phippses and Wideners. He has been there for three decades, watching his eerie-and-white silks become famous aboard such unforgettable horses as Discovery, Find, Bed o' Roses, Next Move and Native Dancer.

But even in racing things are not always as they seem. The center of gravity of the Establishment of racing has shifted drastically in the last two decades. The famous names like Belmont and Woodward that once ruled The Jockey Club have been replaced in large measure by a new generation of Wall Streeters and industrialists. For example, John W. Hanes, Christopher T. Chenery, John W. Galbreath, Captain Harry Guggenheim, James Cox Brady and George M. Humphrey, the Cleveland millionaire

who was Secretary of the Treasury in Eisenhower's Cabinet, are the men now to be reckoned with in New York. They took over the reins of that state's racing in 1955, buying up four separately owned but equally run-down racing plants. They built the enormous new "dream track" at Aqueduct and started conducting the sport on a nonprofit basis, depending on their financial wizardry to solve the labyrinthine economic problems that faced them. The reservation that has been raised about this new breed of sportsmen is that their fiscal sense overshadows their horse sense.

It is Vanderbilt's first contention that the thinking now dictating the policies of U.S. racing is excessively guided by financial considerations. "You go out to the track," he says, "and what's the first

continued

thing these men say to you? Not, 'We've got a fine racing card today.' They say, 'We've got so many thousand people here. We ought to have a pretty good mutual handle.'

"The tax on betting has gotten to be such a big source of state revenue—I believe it was about \$60 million last year in New York—that they are scared to death of the pressure from the state government. The disturbing anomaly in all this is that pure commercialism does not perpetuate itself. You have to maintain the standards of the sport if you want to keep the people interested and keep them coming to the track."

Vanderbilt feels, quite justifiably, that one department in which he qualifies as an expert is in the operation of a race-track. He thoroughly demonstrated this when he ran Pimlico from 1938 until he joined the Navy early in 1942. For two of those years, 1940 and 1941, he simultaneously operated Belmont.

Pimlico was a semi-moribund race-track at the time Vanderbilt found himself almost accidentally engaged in its problems. Still a neophyte in racing, he had started to breed and raise Thoroughbreds at the old Sagamore Farm outside Baltimore. Sagamore originally came into the family through Isaac Emerson, Vanderbilt's grandfather, who had built the foundations of a family fortune by inventing and popularizing Bromo-Seltzer. When Vanderbilt's mother developed an interest in racing, old Isaac gave her Sagamore as a present. She, in turn, gave it to Alfred on his 21st birthday. That is how he happened to be around Baltimore.

When he was still in his early 20s Vanderbilt was elected a director of Pimlico, a somewhat dubious honor since the track seemed to be on the verge of senility after a noble career that went back to the very infancy of American racing. For one thing, a prissy management had always refused to sell liquor at Pimlico. Shortly after Vanderbilt, a nondrinker all his life, joined the board his vote helped to soothe the parched throats of Baltimore racegoers. When several of the oldtimers on the board resigned in protest, Vanderbilt bought up their stock. Once again Bromo-Seltzer had come to the aid of the drinking man.

When he became Pimlico's largest individual stockholder, young Vanderbilt took over management of the track and began to breathe new life into the premises. One of his innovations—and it

brought additional bitter protests from the Old Guard—was the removal of a large hill in the infield in order to give the customers a glimpse of the horses on the backstretch. He also raised the purse of the Preakness to \$50,000 so that it would equal that of the Kentucky Derby, thus helping restore the prestige of Pimlico's most historic race. He was the first U.S. track operator to introduce the



GEORGE WIDENER moved in at Belmont when Vanderbilt went to war and never did move out.

Puett gate, with its electrically operated doors at the front of each starting stall. He inaugurated the Pimlico Special, an invitational weight-for-age race over a mile and 3/16ths that for 22 years was one of the classics of the fall season in the East. And for a purse of \$15,000, winner take all, he staged perhaps the most famous of all match races: Scabscuit vs. War Admiral.

"At Pimlico," Vanderbilt recalls, "we concentrated on attracting the best possible horses by having a stakes race every day. It was my theory that if the product was all right, everything else would take care of itself, and that's the way it worked out. Attendance picked up, business picked up, the net profit picked up and the prestige picked up."

Vanderbilt's own prestige picked up, too. After two years of running Pimlico, he was chosen to replace the late Joseph Widener, who had just retired as the boss of Belmont.

Over the years, some of the most interesting backstairs gossip in racing has centered around Vanderbilt's appointment at Belmont. It had been generally assumed that the job would go to George Widener, a nephew of Joseph Widener and then as now one of the country's leading Thoroughbred owners. However, the controlling stockholder at Belmont was C. V. (Sonny) Whitney, a cousin of Vanderbilt's and himself something of a maverick, and it was largely through his influence that Vanderbilt got the post.

Pearl Harbor came at the end of his second year at Belmont, and Vanderbilt went off to war as skipper of a PT boat. Widener was then given the Belmont job he had been known to covet. But on Vanderbilt's return from the war, Widener remained in charge. "I wonder if I should have sued under the G.I. Bill of Rights to get my old job back," Vanderbilt once said in jest. Horsemen have speculated for years as to why the Establishment of New York racing never again placed Vanderbilt in a position of serious responsibility. One strong possibility is that the Establishment considered him much too independent and progressive.

Vanderbilt's two years at the helm of Belmont are still to be regarded as the zenith of his life in racing. He was an extremely wealthy young man, having inherited a great deal of money on reaching his majority ("about \$8 million will catch it," he once told a reporter who had made a too generous estimate of the amount). He kept some two dozen horses in training and actually supervised their training himself. He was handsome and bright and liked the company of such offbeat personalities as his friend Oscar Levant, the concert pianist and wit. His whimsical humor was a kind of legend around the racetracks: once when Jockey Ted Atkinson was about to set off on a Vanderbilt long shot named Rusty Gate in the mile-and-three-quarter Saratoga Cup, Vanderbilt presented him with a sandwich, a flashlight and a wrist compass, observing, "It may be dark before you get back." But above all, Vanderbilt was utterly devoted to the sport of horse racing.

At Belmont, then the most prestigious racetrack in the country, he was in a position to put his theories on racetrack management to a full test. One of his major contentions was that racing should be run for the pleasure of the general

continued

tonight

OLD FORESTER

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

Taste the tall, cool pleasure of
mellow, memorable Old Forester:
"There is nothing better in the market."





All this

(and three great gasolines, too?)

Sure. Behind Gulf's three famous gasolines stands a storehouse of fine products. The average Gulf Station (like the one just around the corner) stocks about every item you could think of to power and service your car. Whatever you need—a hose clamp? a battery?—the first place to stop is at a Gulf station. You'll find all the products and services you see on this page—and more. You'll find there are many services you can't buy, however. They're absolutely



free! All you need today is gasoline? Well, drive right in. Your Gulf dealer has three totally different grades: No-Nox®, Gulf's premium grade gasoline... famous Good Gulf®, and newest of all, Gulfane®. One is exactly right for your car, formulated to give you maximum performance without a penny's worth of waste. See your neighborhood Gulf dealer. He's the expert on all fine products sold at the sign of the Gulf orange disc. □ Gulf Oil Corporation.

GULF CARE MAKES YOUR CAR RUN BETTER

public and not for the privileged few, and that you have to put on a real show for the public, not just expose them to some betting machines. As he did at Pimlico, Vanderbilt insisted on one or more good races a day for quality horses, no matter how small the field, and he always started at least one race a day in front of the grandstand where the public could get a good look at the horses. This inevitably led to longer races, for Belmont's track is a mile and a half in circumference, but that, in Vanderbilt's mind, is also to the benefit of racing. "The public may not consciously care whether a race is long or not," he says, "but the longer the race the more chance the spectators have to get involved emotionally, to put it in a pretentious way. After all, racing should be an entertainment, an amusement, a spectacle."

Only a quick look

These are principles that Vanderbilt claims have been forgotten by modern management, including the New York Racing Association. Generally, racing cards today consist of an unbroken succession of sprints that begin somewhere over on the backstretch, giving the customer just one quick glimpse of the horses as they stampede past the finish line. Even the mile races begin at the end of a backstretch chute several hundred yards from the grandstand. On the big summer Saturdays the complete program may contain no more than a single race starting in front of the grandstand.

The thinking behind the policy, according to Vanderbilt, is both simple and simpleminded. Big fields make for bigger betting. If the racing secretary feels, as he does even at Aqueduct, that the management will be on his back for allowing races with small fields to go to the post, he is likely to cancel a good race with a small field in favor of a race for cheap horses with a big field. This becomes a vicious circle. Trainers and owners, knowing that there will be a preponderance of sprints for cheaper horses, will aim for those events. There will be less and less incentive to own and train quality horses for longer races. Quite obviously, if a man can buy a Thoroughbred for anywhere from \$3,500 to \$5,000 and be reasonably certain of getting him into a race every week or 10 days for a purse that may be worth at least half the value of the horse, he will do that in preference to buying a horse for \$20,000

or \$30,000 and training him for longer races where the purse may be worth only a fifth or a tenth of the horse's value and the chance to race may come only half as often.

As the economic advantage of the cheap sprinter increases, the whole level of racing decreases. "Just getting a lot of horses out there for the public to bet on is a bad thing for racing," Vanderbilt says with considerable emphasis. "The better horse must have more earning power than the inferior horse, otherwise he is not worth more money."

Vanderbilt points out that at Canada's Woodbine track quinnella betting has been satisfactorily introduced to stimulate pari-mutuel betting on small fields. Thus, there is no loss of revenue to either the government or the racetrack itself when a race for quality horses attracts only a few starters.

These are ideas that Vanderbilt pressed for years. But in 1954, his great colt, Native Dancer, was retired to stud at Sagamore after winning 21 of his 22 starts, and Bill Winfrey, his trainer, retired shortly thereafter to live in California. The time seemed propitious for Vanderbilt to turn his attention to other interests. He sold off all his horses except the cripples and two distinguished geldings, Find and Social Outcast, whom he continued to race "for sentimental reasons," and devoted most of his time to philanthropic activities such as the World Veterans Fund, an organization designed to unify all the veterans' organizations in the free world behind the ideals and aims of the United Nations.

Then, a year ago this month, Vanderbilt was in Saratoga, as is his wont, for that venerable race meeting which is an annual pilgrimage for the sentimentalists of the sport. And there he was persuaded to head up the old breeders group that had been merged with the new owners organization the previous year. His return to active duty in racing, even in a quasi-official capacity, was the occasion for considerable rejoicing among horsemen. Vanderbilt, who had been more or less rebuffed by the Establishment and had turned his active mind to other things, was back in action. Obviously, it would not be long before the Establishment would note this return.

As president of the Thoroughbred Owners and Breeders, Vanderbilt was soon speaking up as forcefully as ever about what he felt to be the ills of racing.

continued



fast relief



CONTAC

all-day relief

Over 600 tiny "time pills" in Contac work fast as a great fireman to relieve sniffles, sneezes, nasal stuffiness. And they keep on relieving head cold congestion or hay fever all day or all night long. Get Contac at your pharmacy.



B F BENTLEY & JAMES LABORATORIES, Philadelphia, Pa.
Proprietary Pharmaceuticals meets the Ethical Standards

The NYRA having been in operation for half a dozen years, it was possible to assess its general philosophy toward race-track operations, and Vanderbilt, who had been a trustee of NYRA from the start, thought he saw room for improvement. He began to hammer away at some of the points he had raised earlier and added some further suggestions.

"The economic squeeze is always a matter of concern to the horseman," Vanderbilt says, "just as it is to people involved in any business. One particular problem we face is the matter of entrance fees for the larger stakes races. You read all about these enormous purses, but in many cases the tracks are putting up only a fraction of the amount. Last year there was one 2-year-old purse which grossed \$375,250, of which the track put up only \$150,000, or less than half. The owners and breeders contributed the rest in nominating and starting fees. The next biggest purse was \$273,530, and \$148,530 of it was ours—well over half. I would like to see an agreement or a statement on the part of the racing associations to the effect that owners will never be required to put up more than half the total value of a purse. This is the kind of thing that the TOBA must concern itself with as forcefully as possible.

"I would also like to see an overhauling of the purse distribution. First, there should be a certain minimum percentage of the track's share of the mutual handle that is paid out to the horsemen in purses. New York is low in this respect. [Aqueduct pays out the lowest percentage of any major track—35% last year. Tracks in New Jersey, Illinois and California pay more than 40%.]

"It should be noted," Vanderbilt continued, "that New York is lower than other states because New York has been unwilling to allow the racetracks an adequate share of the mutual handle. Unless we get the additional 1% of the betting take that we seek, we will be faced with a nasty choice. If we are to rebuild Belmont Park—and rebuild it we must—we will not be able to keep up even our present purse distribution. If we don't rebuild Belmont, then the state runs the risk of forfeiting all racing revenue should some disaster close Aqueduct.

"A larger percentage of purse distribution should go into races for better horses. We also need a standard for better officiating. I believe that no one should be a steward at a track until he has served

at least 100 days in some other racing capacity. Recently there was a case of a Chicago track making a steward out of a Florida newspaperman who had never watched a race from anyplace except the press box, and he had only been covering racing for four years. Someday he may be a very fine official, but at the time of his appointment he wasn't qualified.

"One of the finest things ever done for racing here in New York was the school for officials that Marshall Cassidy founded and ran for The Jockey Club. Over a several-week period, all the officials who attended this school had a chance to work in every capacity—stewards as patrol judges, judges in the stewards' stand and so on. It was a wonderful form of on-the-job training and good for everyone. But management was bothered by the idea that a \$100-a-day man might be doing a \$40-a-day job and vice versa. As a result, the school, a form of which still exists, is not nearly as effective as it once was—and could be again.

"The owners and breeders should be using their influence to correct and improve such situations as this. Through *The Blood-Horse*, the association's weekly magazine, we have a sounding board, and we use it occasionally to get our position across. We have to fight constantly the things that pull racing down to nothing more than a gambling machine."

With Vanderbilt's interest in racing revived by his new responsibilities, he has also given fresh attention to his own racing fortunes. "I have had a lousy couple of years," he said recently, "but I brought this on myself by not spending more money for new blood and new broodmares. I only have 15 horses in training now, and none of them is much good except a pair of 2-year-olds that might work out. One of them, Seat of Honor, is a Citation colt that shows some promise.

"But I've got 17 yearlings down on the farm and 21 mares in foal. I've got Native Dancer, who is good for about 40 mares a year, and this next season I plan to raise his fee, which has been \$7,500. This has been a good year for his 2-year-olds. Raise a Native, the Louis Wolfson colt, ran very well until his injury last week. Native Dancer also sired Audience, a 7-year-old gelding sprinter who is probably the only Thoroughbred in the country

continued

You can get direct-mail processing by Kodak for your Kodachrome films

KODAK Prepaid Processing Mailer for 35mm slides. Mailers also available for KODACHROME film and Prints.



KODAK Prepaid Processing Mailers available for 8 and 16mm movies.

© EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY 1981

- 1 Buy KODAK Prepaid Processing Mailers at your dealer's. Price covers the processing cost.
- 2 Mail your exposed film—still or movie—direct to Kodak in the handy envelope mailer provided.



- 3 Get prints, slides or movies back directly by mail, postpaid.

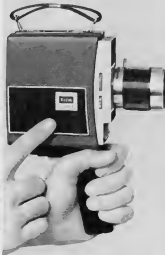
Look for "Processed by Kodak" on your color slides or movies and "Made by Kodak" on the back of your color prints.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester 4, N. Y.

**Kodak electric movie camera
loads in seconds,
has new zoom lens**



**New! Film cassette
for quick loading!**



**Battery drive!
No crank—no winding!**



**Lens sets itself!
Zooms for close-ups!**

Maybe you thought zoom movies were complicated—but never again! The KODAK Electric 8 Zoom Camera lets you zoom easily, smoothly, surely—at the touch of a finger. In fact, *everything* about the Electric 8 Zoom Camera is designed for easier movie-making. A battery-driven motor does the work. An electric eye sets the lens automatically. And the KODAK DUEK 8 Cassette actually cuts loading time in half, because it eliminates rethreading. When you've exposed side one, just flip the cassette and keep right on shooting. Try the KODAK Electric 8 Zoom Camera at your dealer's... less than \$150. (Batteries extra.)

KODAK CHEVRON 8 Projector. Fully automatic threading right onto the 400-foot take-up reel. Has f/1.2 lens for brilliant showings up to 7 feet wide. Forward, reverse projection. Gold-plated safety shutter for bright "stills." Variable-speed control. Less than \$150. With zoom lens, less than \$175.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N.Y.



*Prices subject to
change without notice*

ENJOY WALT DISNEY'S "MAGICAL WORLD
OF COLOR" SUNDAY EVENINGS, NBC-TV

to have won 11 races already this year.” During the 30 races since Vanderbilt traded the campus for the paddock, racing has had no more intelligent and outspoken critic. There have been some bruised feelings, to be sure, particularly among members of the Establishment, but the net effect has almost always been salutary.

More than 20 years ago—in 1939, to be exact—before Vanderbilt had taken over the reins at Belmont, he wrote an editorial on racing for *Turf and Sport Digest*. In it he listed 16 goals for the rapidly growing Thoroughbred racing industry. A number of these have since become such standard operating procedure at racetracks everywhere that few people realize they were once just a fancy in the mind of an idealist.

Among Vanderbilt's suggestions were:

- A thorough physical examination for every horse just prior to a race.
- A uniform examination to qualify for a trainer's license.
- A nationwide policing agency for racing.
- Better protection of stable areas.
- Improved sterilization methods for racing equipment.
- Better accommodations for stable help.

Twenty-five years later, however, other suggestions of Vanderbilt's are still in the talk stage and, in the case of two of them, the trend has been in the opposite direction. No stakes race, he says, should have an added value of more than \$50,000, with more stakes for lesser sums; and the sport should curtail, but not totally abolish, 3-year-old races before April 1.

The Establishment can expect to hear more from Vanderbilt on these subjects, as well as the others which have since become part of his crusade. He is a spokesman to be heeded, for many feel about him the same way Frank E. (Jimmy) Kilroe does. Kilroe is the director of racing at Santa Anita and a man regarded from coast to coast as one of the ablest officials in the sport. A few weeks ago he said, “Looking at it from the standpoint of racing officials, owners, breeders, trainers, jockeys and the racing press, I would have to say that Vanderbilt is the most respected man in racing today. He is articulate and has a definite point of view on everything. Mind you, I don't think he is always right, but then nobody is.”

END



After they subtract, they add.

Yardley men's deodorants have a double purpose. First they stop unpleasant odor. Then they add a fresh, appealing, manly fragrance. It took Yardley to create this sensible, two-way grooming: The greatest under-arm protection you've ever known, plus the advantage of a fine, clean, woody after-arsoma.

To suit two distinct male prefer-

ences in deodorants, Yardley makes these advanced products in two forms. *Yardley Roll-On* is a modern, safe antiperspirant that keeps you neatly dry. *Yardley Stick* is for men who think a little light, odor-free perspiration is a healthy thing.

Each of these exceptional Yardley deodorants costs only \$1.

Small price for double-duty.



Burp!

Sorry, we didn't mean to be rude. But when diapers and doctors have first call on dollars, it's sometimes hard to interest people in life insurance. Yet, this is when a young family needs life insurance protection the most. The problem is to get enough of it when budgets are tight. Is there a way? There *is*—Occidental's Change-Easy Term Insurance. It's low in cost, high in

protection. For example, \$15.00 a month will buy you \$31,730 of life insurance for the next five years if you are now 31. This is pure protection with no borrowing or savings values. That's why the cost is so low—only *half* to a *third* the cost

of ordinary, life-long insurance. Later when your budget allows, you can change (without medical examination) to an Occidental plan that provides savings and borrowing values. In the meantime, investigate Change-Easy Term Insurance. Write for a copy of "Insurance Advice For Young Fathers," Occidental Center, Department S-2, Los Angeles 54, California.

**OCCIDENTAL LIFE
OF CALIFORNIA**





DWARFS IN A GIANT'S WORLD

In eastern California the Sierras have perpetual winter on their shoulders and hold summer captive in a great valley of their feet. The story of why few men can live there and why thousands go there to play is told on the following pages

A VALLEY RAVAGED BUT NEVER SPOILED

BY COLES PHINIZY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN GERDTS

Even now in mid-August the tops of the California Sierras shine with snow, but on the floor of the Owens Valley 9,000 feet below, Toni Morris, the 6-year-old in the picture on the opposite page, fishes in lazy summer. As she sits through the timeless afternoon hoping a brown trout will fall for the gobble of worms on her hook, she is storing up a variety of impressions of her valley: the many sounds of the cold brook, the mixed smells of sage and meadow, the flash of a trout at her feet and, overhead, the distant image of an eagle riding high in a thermal, scouting the valley floor.

What the eagle sees, and Toni senses, is one of the extraordinary sporting areas in the world. Even by western measure, the Owens Valley is a big place. Its base floor is about 100 miles long and five wide, and there is twice again that area on the alluvial plains, sloping westward to the Sierras and eastward to the White and Inyo mountains. The pleasures offered by the valley are endlessly diverse—hiking, hunting, riding, rockhounding, camping, soaring on great waves of air, fishing, skiing—and all of these are intensified by two things: the valley's loveliness and its emptiness.

It is a strange and particular fact that although hundreds of thousands of people would like to live in the Owens Valley, few can do so. The year-round climate of the area is not so benign as that of the San Joaquin Valley west of the Sierras, nor its soil as rich, by and large, as that of the man-made gardens of the Imperial Valley to the south, but under ordinary circumstances it would be a fit place for industry and agriculture, capable of employing several hundred thousand people. Without straining a seam, in its side pockets alone the valley could hold half a dozen towns of 25,000. Yet today, while cities east and west suffer from the pains of overpopulation, sending their urban dwellers in search of elbow room, barely 11,000 people live in the Owens Valley.

There is a fundamental reason for the low population of this western paradise: high-priority water. The deep snows of the Sierras afford plenty, but long before the runoff has passed under the feet of fishermen on the valley floor most of it has been spoken for. Toni Morris can hang a worm

in the creek, but she is forbidden to swim in it or wade in it, for the water is desperately needed to quench the thirst, wet the toothbrushes and drive the industry of the big, dry city of Los Angeles, 280 miles to the southwest (only in a few private impoundments are swimming and water skiing permitted).

Sixty years ago, wisely anticipating its bustling future, Los Angeles began reaching out, buying riparian land in Owens Valley. In the next 30 years the relationship between the big-city water-seekers and the valley residents was not always mellow. Occasionally the city resorted to hanky-panky in its dealings, and occasionally the valley people resorted to violence, dynamiting the city's aqueduct 15 times, seizing a set of gates once and turning the city's vital sap back onto their dry homeland. The arguments for both sides were valid. The issue was too complex ever to be weighed on the simple scales of justice.

Today, from the crest of the Sierras to the White and Inyo mountains, 98% of the land is public, a patchwork of national forest, federal reserve land and Los Angeles-owned land. Thus, by virtue of smoggy progress elsewhere, most of the valley is a wilderness playground. On private and leased holdings there is still some ranching and mining—vestiges of yesterday—but most of the valley's 11,000 live in small towns such as Bishop that cater almost entirely to the needs of tourists.

By the time the water war ended 30 years ago, many valley people had moved away, and a large part of the present population are migrants from greater Los Angeles, fugitives who have headed for the far hills to escape the jostling, the smog, the clogged freeways, the stifling restrictions and the hopped-up chaos of a big-time town. The move is a reasonable one, but difficult. Before he makes it, each migrant must be sure he can find a home for rent or for sale in the valley, and he must also be sure he has the courage to give up a big-city career and settle for a lesser, different job with a thinner pay envelope.

Eleven years ago Cliff Bayless and his wife Lucille prospered on the eastern fringe of Los Angeles. They had a quarter share in a Cadillac agency, worth about \$25,000 a year, and three acres of home ground on a hilltop. But when the city and its smog closed in on them, they moved to the Owens Valley, taking a cut to \$10,000 a year and spending their first three years in an apartment over a garage. "In the valley," Mrs. Bayless reports, "our son Rocky could use a BB gun and a slingshot. He could have 40 pigeons, while his cousin back in Glendale could have only 12. When his cousin would come here to visit and it was time to return to Los Angeles, he would run into the hills and hide. We gave up a lot to come here," Mrs. Bayless concludes, "but now we see the sunrise and the stars at night."

On a creek wandering over the lush valley floor, 6-year-old Toni Morris fishes for trout.





Against a cold white backdrop of the ragged High Sierras, the Bishop High School distance runners pant their way across the sagebrush floor of the Owens Valley.







Cheryl Cooper works her pinto through a barrel race course in Bishop, while other Owens Valley residents enjoy a water ski picnic at Diaz Lake, 60 miles south.



Glider Pilot Tommy Thompson sweeps in for landing at Bishop Airport, where local soaring



enthusiasts held world single-place altitude record for 10 years, still hold two-place record.



VISITORS WELCOME, ALL YEAR ROUND

Because its natural bounty of water is claimed by Los Angeles, the Owens Valley has limited facilities for permanent occupancy. The valley has, nonetheless, a decently large heart and the capacity to absorb a lot of visitors. The streets of the small towns are lined with motels, cafés and sporting goods shops. In a summer week, in any one of the Sierras' steep, long gorges, where creek water, white and raging, tumbles from pool to pool, there may be 1,000 vacationers roughing it or lodging it and another 500 hidden under the aspen and tall pines in the side gulches dug out of the mountain flank by the upper arms of the creek. There is plenty of room on the mountainsides and, except for beer cans wantonly discarded and the distant sound of motor cars huffing and gasping in the thin mountain air, little evidence that a small army of city people has taken over.

The summer visitors come for various reasons, the majority merely escaping their city life to spend a week or two in quest of some lesser Grail, such as the trout that abound, thanks to the beneficence of God and the California Department of Fish and Game. The trout—one species or another—are fished from the Owens River right on the valley floor and from creeks and lakes reaching upward to the 13,000-foot level, where winter never really quits. The trout come in all sizes. In lower lakes there are browns which, being either too stupid or too smart to take a hook, are as long as a man's arm. On opening day this spring at Luke Crowley, a 6,000-acre impoundment on high ground at the north end of the valley, 11,000 fishermen in 3,300 boats took more than 30 tons of trout, any fish under three-quarters of a pound being considered a runt. In the highest glacial lakes, by contrast, the little native golden trout rarely exceed nine inches—but there the angler fishes alone in alpine grandeur. Like the fish, the fishermen run the gamut. At one extreme there are the classicists who kill their fish only with the artificial fly; at the other are those who simply want fish and would just as soon toss a cherry bomb in the water, if it were either legal or productive.

The important thing in such a large playground is that every angler has full option. He can stick to the classic rules laid down on the chalk streams of the Old World, or he can

use damn-near-anything for bait: fake bugs and real bugs, worms and grasshoppers, marshmallows and cheese, salmon eggs from the Pacific Northwest and fake salmon eggs made in Newport Beach. He can wait for the evening hatch and try to match it, or he can wait in a parked car on the streets of Bishop until the hatchery truck goes by, follow it and take a fish one minute after it has been released in a stream. With the dutiful passion of oldtime Wells Fargo carriers, the California Fish and Game trucks replenish the more heavily fished waters once a week and sometimes twice.

As might be expected, most of the valley's winter visitors are skiers, who move through the towns bound for the Mammoth Lakes area that lies 50 miles beyond. The ski season starts with the first good snow of late fall or early winter, and it continues on and on, through spring and early summer. The bottom of the elaborate skein of lifts at Mammoth Mountain is 8,900 feet, so that by July 1, when the sport is only a memory elsewhere, there are still deichs on the slopes.

At Mammoth the skier is free of the restrictions of the city, but not of the crowds. Weekend attendance sometimes exceeds 3,000, including some who use the slopes and trails as if they were freeways back home. But crowds and collisions are familiar hazards at ski areas everywhere these days, and at Mammoth one can at least find consolation: there is a bonesetter in residence. In the small town of Mammoth a sign proclaims: "E. Victor Gallardo, M.D., Orthopedic and Traumatic Surgery."

Lower down in the valley there are other signs urging the traveler to "Visit Harold's Club in Reno" and to "Get Right with God," an option that should attract either the fisherman or skier, depending on his luck that day. He can have a ball trying to win a bundle, but if the dice and the wheel roll against him and he loses his worldly goods to Harold, he is properly ready to meet his Maker. It is doubtful, though, whether any visitors come with such sober motives. Most of them come to the valley simply to use this world for a short time unfettered, taking a trout with a bait of their own choice or skiing as fast as they want on slopes where there are no slow and fast lanes.

END

Before going to sleep in a snowbank, two cross-country skiers read by lantern light.



Part V:
**MY GAME
AND YOURS
BY
ARNOLD PALMER**

REWARDS FOR THE BOLD

You will get the most enjoyment out of golf if you concentrate, give the game your best and confidently attempt even the hardest of shots

A golf course is the most fascinating, varied, demanding setting in sports. It is what makes golf complex and captivating—or it can. But it doesn't if you step up to every shot the same way, slam it at the hole and hope for the best. When you do that you are like a baseball pitcher with nothing but a fast ball and, just as he is not a real baseball pitcher, you are not a real golfer. What you have to learn is the curve ball and the slider and the knuckler and—yes—even the spitball of golf. Then you take all this newfound thought, finesse and savvy and you combine it with an attitude that I guess has made me famous. I am now going to present this attitude to you as Palmer's Last Rule of Golf: Play it to the hilt.

Now see what happens. You will change from a fast-ball pitcher to a Whitey Ford of golf. You will become

a real golfer. The course you play will offer a truly stimulating challenge because you can appreciate its endless variety and seriously attempt to cope with its infinite demands. This is when golf becomes a rewarding game. So let us end the series by discussing how you can work at this—not by a lot of complex changes in your grip or stance or swing, but simply by using your head.

Up to the time I turned professional, I had always "driven" the ball. Regardless of whether I was hitting a wood off the tee or trying to send a little wedge shot to the green, I invariably stroked the ball hard and low. I had lots of power, but very little finesse. All around me, I suddenly realized the more experienced pros were doing things that I had never even thought of. They knew how to make the ball stop on difficult greens by fading it in from left to right. They

knew how to send up little pitch shots that floated high in the air and dropped as gently as feathers.

I had to take stock. If I went on playing as I had always played, I might be able to make a living, but I would never get anywhere near the top. If I wanted the kind of success I had always hoped for, I had to learn everything the other pros knew.

But learning new kinds of shots was in some ways only a secondary problem. What I really had to do was learn to think my way around a golf course. I had to understand that a shot should never be hit automatically, out of force of habit. I had to concentrate on surveying all the circumstances, always exploring the possibility of trying something new that might work. And so do you.

The next time you watch a professional play, ask yourself: What is he think-

ing? Why has he chosen a particular club? Why did he hit that shot unusually high, or unusually low? What spot on the fairway or green was he aiming for? If you keep asking yourself these questions, and discover some of the answers, your own game is bound to improve.

Let me give you an example of the kind of mental approach to golf that distinguishes the touring professional from even the best of the amateurs. A few years ago in Palm Springs I was playing in a foursome, and a good friend of mine, a fine Los Angeles amateur named Art Anderson, was my partner. We came to a hole that had a lake just in front of the green. Art hit the ball into the water. But it did not go in deep—the ball was hardly covered.

We walked up to the lake, and I saw that Art was automatically going to lift the ball and drop it. This is what most golf books advise you to do, on the theory that once you are in the water you will only waste more shots trying to get out. You are reminded that water refracts light and gives you a false notion of where the ball is, so lift it, drop it back, accept your one-stroke penalty and hope for better luck next time.

I have no quarrel with this advice. It is the best thing to do nine times out of 10, maybe 99 times out of 100. But it is the other one time that you have to watch for, recognize and take advantage of. In this case, the ball was lying in such shallow water that the refraction was no real problem. Even more important, under the circumstances of our match Art Anderson had no real choice. He had already taken two shots. If he lifted the ball he would lie three, and still would have a difficult patch over the water to the green. He would be lucky to get a double bogey 6 and could easily take a triple bogey 7. We were playing low ball and aggregate, and if he lifted out of the water we were bound to lose the aggregate.

So I stopped him. "Come on, now," I said. "It is sitting there as nice and big as you please. Go in after it and hit it!"

He tried it, and hit the shot onto the

green. He almost got his par, did get a bogey and saved the hole for us. He was as pleased as if he had just sunk a hole in one. He had also learned a good lesson.

Something of the same sort often happens in sand traps. When the amateur gets into a fairway trap, he almost automatically reaches for a wedge or a pitching iron. He is satisfied just to get out.

But there are many sand-trap lies where the ball sits up nicely, and no high bunk stands in the way. You can safely use a long iron or even a four-wood from these lies and hit the ball all the way to the green. You have to look for these stroke-saving chances. By staying alert, you find them.

The pros are always thinking. They

continued

Palmer's face reflects the determined effort that adds to the pleasure of the game.



are considering the direction and speed of the wind, and the condition of the fairway. They are looking for the best spot to aim the ball, balancing the dangers of getting into a trap or the rough against the advantages of being in position for an open shot to the green. They are observing how a new pin position demands a completely different strategic plan for a hole. If a pro is giving this much attention to exactly where he wants to aim a shot, why shouldn't you? Granted, he may plan on hitting a drive 260 yards, and maybe you know you are only going to his yards 210. But, strategically speaking, it is just as important for you to aim for your best possible position as it is for him.

The pros are always prepared to sacrifice the artistic for the practical. After all, the entire idea of golf is to get the ball into the hole with the lowest possible number of strokes. There is no point in sending a perfect pitch shot to the flag if the green won't hold it. So the pro will gladly settle for a little punch shot and roll the ball on. It may not look as pretty, but it gets the job done. Rather than live dangerously by pitching over a sand trap, the pro will often use a low iron or a putter and run the ball through the trap. He is constantly alert to lies and grass conditions that will permit him to use his putter instead of hitting a chip shot when he is off the edge of the green, for there is always less danger of error with the putter.

But when the pro gets in trouble, as is bound to happen from time to time, that is when you see him at his very best. When he is in deep rough, a hopeless lie, trees in the way, everything against him, that is when he reaches down inside himself for skills that not even he realizes he has; that is when he thinks hardest about how he has to swing the club; that is when he concentrates so deeply that he almost wills the ball out of trouble. I know that I have a reputation for gambling when I am in trouble, for going for the hole when all logic seems to indicate I should just play a safety shot back to the fairway. Well, first, I don't hit a seemingly risky shot unless I am convinced it has a good chance of success. Maybe the gallery isn't convinced, but I am. Second, when they are trying to decide whether or not to gamble you must be sure to weigh one often forgotten

continues

My Golf Has Been My Life

In one way, this series of articles that I have written for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* encompasses my life, for in it I have tried to summarize the mental attitudes and physical techniques that I have developed in nearly 30 years of playing golf. But in a literal sense, of course, it is not the story of my life, for it has not explained how I learned this game that gives me so much pleasure, or what occurred in those years that I was working up to the handsome living that golf gives me today. Yet I feel that some of this has to be included, too. It completes the picture of the *My Game* part of this series, and it may enhance your understanding of the *and Yours* aspect of what I have written.

I was born in Latrobe, Pa., and I started swinging a club at the age of 4. I was completely hooked on golf by the time I was 7 or 8. We had some caddies at the Latrobe Country Club who played a good game, and because I was the pro's son they let me play. Soon I was besting most of them, despite the age difference, and it was a wonderful feeling. Like most other boys, I had been interested in baseball and football, but I gradually pushed these other sports into the background. Somewhere I felt that golf was more competitive, that it had more thrills and satisfactions. I was on my own at golf. I did not have to depend on anybody else. If I won, it was my victory.

Even in those days, I hated to hit a bad shot. It made me feel awful. Without constant pressure from my teachers I would never have done my school homework, but nobody had to urge me to do my golfing homework. When something went wrong with my shots I couldn't wait to get back to the practice tee and go to work.

I began caddying at 11 and eventually became caddie master at Latrobe. All through the golf season, I worked around the course as a sort of third assistant greenkeeper from 7 a.m. until noon, had lunch, then worked in the pro shop until 7 or 8 p.m. My father says I was the worst caddie master he had ever seen or heard of in his life, because when no one was looking I would loaf up the place and go to the practice tee. I don't think I was half as bad as he insists. I learned how to whip a golf club and do a professional job of shellacking a wood by the time I was 14. (I am glad I did, for working on my own clubs is now one of my greatest pleasures, and may give me a competitive edge over the pros who cannot do such things for themselves.)

We had a high school golf team at Latrobe, and I could hardly wait to graduate from elementary school and join it. I could beat most of the high school players when I was in the seventh and eighth grades. In my first match on the team, as a freshman in 1943, I shot a 71 and defeated a left-hander from the town of Jeannette. His name was Bill Denko, and that match with him gave me almost as big a thrill as winning my first Masters.

The more I played, the better I got, and the better I got, the more I wanted to play. A junior amateur championship in 1946 in Detroit was my first national tournament, and none of us could get even close to Bob Rosburg that year. But something happened that was even better than winning. It was there that I first met Bud Worsham. He persuaded me to go to Wake Forest College with him. The next three and a half years were in many ways the happiest of my life. There were six or seven top-notch golfers at Wake Forest, and we spent all our spare time playing against one another, a dollar a match. It was more than any of us could afford, and we played our hearts out.

After Bud Worsham was killed in an auto accident, school was never the same for me. The same scenes and same companions I had once enjoyed so much were no longer endurable. I quit college and, without really knowing what I was doing, signed up with the Coast Guard for three years.

For a year I played hardly any golf at all. Then I was transferred to Cleveland and found myself in the company of some fellows who had been scratch-to-12 handicap shooters in civilian life. I took up the game again—avidly. Not even winter stopped our group. We would go to a course called Lake Shore and play when the pins were frozen solid in the cups. We played eightimes, banded in our winter gear, with a hand warmer inside each heavy mitten and another one inside our pockets to keep the golf balls from getting as solid as stones.

When I got out of the Coast Guard I was 24, and I went back to school. This was the only thing, I realized, that made any sense. But my heart still was not in it. I quit again, with one semester to go on my degree. I returned to Cleveland to work as a salesman, and to try to make something of myself as an amateur golfer.

At the time, I still had no real thought of turning pro. Although it is hard to remember now, in these good new days when the

pros play for \$2 million a year in tour prize money and are more than welcome wherever they go, there was a time not so long ago when the golf professional was not even admitted to his own clubhouse. I knew some of the disadvantages of the business from listening to my father, and I was too proud to live my life like some kind of second-class citizen. So I had a vague hope of becoming a businessman and a top amateur golfer, too, playing in all the country's big amateur tournaments.

One of the things that changed my mind was meeting Winnie. She was 20, the daughter of a Coopersburg, Pa. manufacturer. It was a case of love at first sight—on my part, at least—but golf helped pave the way. Some of my golfing friends lured me into a trip to Pine Valley, the famous New Jersey course, and into a bet where I was to receive \$100 for every stroke I shot under 72 but would have to pay \$100 for every stroke over 80. I had no idea, when I made the agreement, how really tough Pine Valley is. It was a sucker bet—but I was young and in love, and nothing could scare me. I had to sink a 30-foot putt on the first hole to get a bogey, and my game could have gone to pieces right there as I started contemplating how much money I was likely to owe at the end of the day. I settled down, though, and shot a 68. I won \$400 on my original bet and \$400 more on side bets, and promptly spent most of it on an engagement ring.

In the fall of 1934 I made the big decision. I had won the National Amateur and was supposed to go to England with the Walker Cup team. I wanted to go very badly. But suddenly I realized how impossible it was. I did not feel I could afford the trip to England, and I was not about to make much more money as long as I divided my energies between business and golf. I called Winnie long-distance and asked her if she would mind if I skipped the Walker Cup matches and turned pro instead. She said, "I want you to do whatever you want to do,"—which is the kind of girl she is. So I became a professional.

One of my first tournaments as a pro was in Miami. My father and I drove down there together and stayed in the same motel room. We were both full of confidence, but I failed even to make the cut. After the second day of the tournament I was out-4, out. I did not go back to the motel. I ducked my father and went out on the town. When I finally got back early in the morning, my father was awake and waiting for me. "What's wrong with you?" he asked. "Are you too lovesick to play?" I said I guessed that I was. "Well, then marry her," he said. "Get it over with."

I got a few hours' sleep, put my dad on a plane and drove to Winnie's home. She was willing to marry me then and there, but her

parents did not like the idea, and I could hardly blame them. How would you like a daughter to run off with a young fellow who had just turned pro, had thus far failed to earn a nickel at his new job and who showed up like a wild man badly in need of sleep and a shave? We settled that problem. We eloped. Our future was unsure, at best. Who would have thought it would develop so brightly?

Winnie and I started off on the tour with not much but a set of golf clubs, an old secondhand trailer to live in and plenty of conviction. Soon we moved up to a new trailer—thanks to a \$600 loan from Winnie's parents, who by now were used to the idea of a golf pro for a son-in-law. Then we were out of the trailer class completely, and Winnie and I found ourselves having our first home built. It was across the road from the Latrobe Country Club, and I have to smile a little bit now when I remember how tough I was with Winnie about the cost of the house. I insisted we could not build it any bigger than I could pay for—with cash. I guess I was a little conservative. The house, for sure, turned out to be conservative. We have been adding rooms to it ever since.

It is hard even for me to realize how much the professional tour has changed in that short interval between our first trailer and our latest playroom. I have become part of a truly amazing sports business, one that is growing faster than the wildest optimist could have dreamed. It is now perfectly possible for the top 10 or so golfers to have total incomes exceeding \$75,000 a year.

This in turn means that today's touring professional has had to become a far different kind of person from those who dominated the game 20 years ago. He has to do things that are quite foreign to an athlete's normal activities and temperament. He has to keep careful business records and receipts; he has to itemize each day's expense account before he goes to bed; he has to prove where he has been and what he has done to the satisfaction of his own tax man and of Uncle Sam. He has to plan his life far in advance. He cannot just drive into a city where a tournament is being held and expect to find a hotel or motel room five minutes away from the course anymore.

The more successful the golfer, the more the distractions. Believe me, I am not knocking it. I love the opportunity and security that come from my outside business interests. I am glad there is such a thing as the Arnold Palmer Company. I am glad that I need a lawyer-agent to help plan my career and to write my contracts. I am delighted that newspapermen like to interview me and that people seek my autograph. But sometimes the outside pressures do get in the way. While I was delayed at this year's Phoenix Open because of two rained-out rounds, I

could not help thinking that half a dozen important businessmen, directors of the Palmer Company, were losing the entire day because we had planned a board meeting in Chattanooga. When I have to start a tournament after posing all morning for photographs that an advertising agency needs for one of the companies in which I have an interest; and some newspapermen have been interviewing me during the breaks; and I get word that my lawyer has been trying to get hold of me on the phone; and there is a wire at the golf course asking me to take part in a charity television show—when all these things happen, as they so often do, I sometimes long for the old days when all I had to do was practice and play golf, practice and play golf.

So my concentration coasts away, my game becomes ragged. It is then that I take a break between tournaments. I step into my airplane and fly home, something that I could not have done until I became successful at golf, something that none of yesterday's pros could afford to do. It is a plane that golf bought me, and it takes me to a home that golf bought me, and to a family that would never have had its present comforts and opportunities without golf. I think about all the wonderful things that have happened to me. I think how, as a small-town boy, I used to marvel at the movie stars who, according to rumor, made such miraculous sums as \$100 a week. I think how I used to stare starstruck at Bob Hope, and I marvel at the fact that Bob Hope is now a friend of mine; I remember the day I helped him win the pro-am at Phoenix, and how he spent the entire evening calling all his friends around the country to brag about it. I think about playing golf with Dwight D. Eisenhower, while he was President of the United States, and since then, too. That is another fabulous thing about golf. It brings men together within the firm bonds of a strong mutual interest. Golfers are automatically friends. I can feel comfortable and take intense pleasure playing golf with a President—or with a local grocer.

I think about the trips I have taken: to South Africa to play a series of exhibitions with my good friend Gary Player, to Canada, to England, to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Greece, Italy, Japan, Hong Kong, to the Philippines, Australia, Rhodesia, the Belgian Congo, to Mexico, Argentina, Panama and Colombia. I think how golf has become one of the most international of all sports, and how I have had my part in helping it grow. I consider all this, and then I do what any man would do in my situation. I sit back and I relax. And I think, "My, you are a lucky fellow, Arnold Palmer." Thank you, golf.

factor—the chances that the safety shot itself will fail.

Note also what the pro does when he has been in trouble, has had to waste a stroke and now finds himself almost hopelessly out of the running for a par—maybe 200 yards from a small green with two banks of trees in front of him and sand traps guarding the flag. Watch how often he seems to reach inside himself again, hitting a two-iron that you can hardly believe—straight as an arrow, right down that little line between the trees, then hooking a little at the end, taking a big bounce, threading its way past the sand traps and finally stopping five feet from the pin. You cannot believe it. In a way, neither can he. Nobody can hit the ball that well—but he did, because he had to.

Most amateurs give up too quickly when they get in trouble on a golf course. Take a businessman playing against some friends who are also archrivals. He wants to win. He does not care about the dollar Nassau he has got going, but he wants more than anything to beat these friendly enemies of his, just to show them. He hooks his tee shot into the deep rough, while everybody else in the foursome gets out far and straight on the fairway, and immediately he gives up on the hole. All he tries to do is patch the ball out of the rough, then aim his third shot more or less in the direction of the green. He has decided he has already lost this one, so why kill himself?

If that same businessman were faced with trouble at the office, you would never catch him taking his tough situation lying down. He would grit his teeth and start concentrating. And sooner or later he would come up with a solution.

Why not at golf?

Try it. Start calculating the risks and advantages of every possible kind of shot. Ask yourself if you can get away with a four-wood out of a trap, instead of settling for a little iron shot. Ask yourself if you had not better run the ball up to the green, instead of patching it. And when you get in trouble, reach inside yourself. You will find more ability there than you ever imagined.

Sometimes, of course, you will fail—miserably. (The pros do, too.) Maybe you will fail most of the time. But until you have dared to try, and have brought off an impossible shot from the rough

or from the water, you will have missed golf's greatest playing thrill.

I have personally told many golfers the things I have been saying here. And sometimes I have run into a reaction that you may also have at this point. "I just don't want to play the game that hard," the amateur will say. "I am playing for fun and relaxation. I don't want to make a federal case out of it."

Well, wait a minute.

Sure, you play for fun. The question is: How can you have the most fun?

ARNIE'S LAWS

- You are out to enjoy yourself. Give the ball a healthy whack and have fun.
- Ninety percent of golf is mental.
- Think about your game as you drive out to play, but think constructively.
- Before you tee off, warm up.
- Keep your head still during the swing.
- Don't break your wrists in the first 12 inches of the backswing.
- Take the club back only as far as you can maintain complete control of it.
- Use enough club on iron shots. Most golfers don't.
- Do not try to correct fundamentals during play.
- Concentrate especially hard during the first three holes.
- Always play aggressively; attack the course or it will attack you.
- Try to hit those "impossible" shots. Most amateurs give up too quickly.
- If you begin to get tired, swing at the ball easier, not harder.
- Give the game your best, and it will in turn give you the most pleasure.

Only, in my opinion, by following that last rule of golf of mine—by playing the game to the hilt. If all you are doing is walking around a golf course swinging clubs aimlessly, you may as well be taking a walk in the woods. It is cheaper, and will give you an equal amount of exercise. But if you are playing golf as a sport—and I am convinced that most people play it as a sport—you have to play to win in order to enjoy it. You have to give it your best.

You want to have fun. You want to relax and get away from your business woes, your personal problems, the tensions of everyday life. The way to do it is to concentrate on the game, to think about golf and nothing but golf. Your

hours on the golf course should take you into a different world, one where you are totally absorbed in a form of thinking and strategy completely diverse from anything you do the rest of the week. That is the way to get the maximum in energy-restoring refreshment out of golf. The harder you work at the game, the more it will relax you.

Nor is this such heresy. Lots of people work as hard at their hobbies as at their jobs. Painting takes intense concentration. So does photography, or playing the cello. The man with a wood-working shop in his basement combines mental and physical effort of the most exacting kind. Yet such people all find something in their hobbies that takes them out of their routine and sends them back to their jobs the next day in a fitter frame of mind.

If the kind of concentration you apply on the golf course is the teeth-gritting Houdini kind that I mentioned in Part I, then I grant that the game will exhaust you—and you will play terribly, too. But I am not talking about any such do-or-die effort. I am talking about the kind of concentration that recognizes that golf is just a game, but a game worthy of the utmost respect and attention.

A bad round, I'll grant, will also exhaust you. There is something about hitting shots poorly, fighting the rough and struggling out of sand traps that wears the muscles down and stamps fatigue into every cell of your body. And you will have days like that, no doubt about it. But even this is good for you. It is a different kind of fatigue from the kind you get on the job. You go home worn out, but in a way you never are in your everyday life. And on your good days? Well, there isn't much to match the exhilaration that comes with playing this game successfully. So play it hard, and play it confidently. Win or lose, good day or bad, you'll be happier for it.

I hope these articles help you play better golf. I am sure that they will. But mostly I hope that they help you enjoy the sport more, both as a player and as a spectator. I am in love with the game. I want everybody to be.

A winning smile marks the man who leads the 1963 tour money winners.



méxico

the friendly land...



Vacation in Mexico—
so near and
yet so foreign.

In Yucatan you are two hours away from Mexico City by jet and 2,000 years distant from ancient Maya civilization.

The great pyramids and ruined temples of Chichen Itza and Uxmal recall a culture approaching its decline when Columbus discovered America. Ever filled with fascination for the visitor, they are the symbols of Mexico's mystic past.

Merida, the white city, is the center of this great archeological area, one of Mexico's oases.

Nearby are the paradisaical islands of Cozumel and Mujeres (Women) whose translucent waters are the delight of sun-bathers and fishermen. Beneath them the sunken wrecks of Spanish galleons yield precious souvenirs of the era of the explorer and the buccaner.

Here, as throughout this friendly vacationland, fun is flavored with the spirit of historic times.



Isla Mujeres,
Quintana Roo.



Isla Cozumel,
Quintana Roo.



MEXICAN GOVERNMENT
TOURISM DEPARTMENT
PASO DE LA REFORMA 35,
MEXICO CITY

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT, OR OUR OFFICES AT:

CHICAGO 3, ILL. — 219 North Michigan Ave.
HOUSTON 2, TEX. — 808 Archer Ave. Suite 100
LOS ANGELES 5, CALIF. — 1100 Wilshire Blvd.
MIAMI 5, FLA. — First National Bank Bldg., Arcade,
Office No. 20 215 S.E. 2nd St.
MONTREAL 3, P.Q., CANADA — International Aviation
Bldg., Avenue Lord Dufferin, 300, Bonaventure Blvd. West
NEW ORLEANS 12, LA. — 200 Saint Charles Street
NEW YORK 20, N.Y. — 11 West 50th Street
SAN ANTONIO 5, TEX. — 289 E. Tower St.
SAN DIEGO 5, CALIF. — 1381 Fifth Ave.
TORONTO 5, ONT., CANADA — 13 Bloor St. West
TUCSON, ARIZ. — 88 North Stone Ave.
WASHINGTON 6, D.C. — 1302 Connecticut Ave. N.W.

BASEBALL / Robert Creamer

The free-swinging Angel who never fears to tread

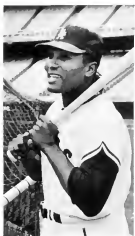
A big hitter with a big smile has a few (for him) words to say about bad pitches, good times and the view from the back of the team bus

Unlike anyone else in baseball, Leon Wagner of the Los Angeles Angels came into July batting .351. He had 19 home runs and 57 runs batted in, and for the second year in succession he was named starting left fielder on the American League All-Star team. He seemed to have a good shot at winning the triple crown—batting average, home runs and runs batted in—and then he slumped.

It was like the fall of Icarus. All through July he went downward and downward. He lost 50 points from his batting average, hit two home runs in 31 games, batted across only a handful of runs and staggered into August with only one thing unshaken—his confidence. He knew what was causing the slump.

"They won't pitch to me," he complained cheerfully. "They won't throw me any strikes. They never throw me a strike. Nobody's hitting behind me and the pitchers don't mind putting me on base. They just as soon walk me. They throw that ball up here and down there and out there and every place except over the plate. I like to hit. I'm a bad-ball hitter and I go for those pitches. I'm not a scientific hitter—you know, like Ted Williams. I'll swing at anything. Those pitchers know it."

"You take that Whitey Ford of the Yankees. He's a con man. He throws a fast ball up over my head and then a curve way outside and then another curve that hits the dirt in front of the plate. Peoplesay, 'Wow, he's wild.' Wild?



WAGNER GETS READY TO TAKE HIS CUTS

He ain't wild. He's a con man. He knows I like to swing, and he's trying to get me chasing those bad pitches. Then it's 3 and 0, and he knows I'm taking all the way—zoom, right down the middle. Then he throws that curve over on the outside corner. And I take it. Where am I going to hit it? Left field at Yankee Stadium? Too much room out there. So now it's

continued



Should the world's greatest gin...unexcelled in a martini...be lavished in a Tom Collins?

YES!

To make the best-tasting Tom Collins, you need the best-tasting gin: Seagram's Extra Dry Gin.

This gin is taken through a costly extra step to remove excess sweetness and perfumery. A step that imparts a smoothness and crackling dryness not found in other gins.

Your next Tom Collins will thank you for Seagram's Gin. Your guests will, too. **SEAGRAM'S EXTRA DRY GIN**

TOM COLLINS. Put in a tall glass. mix, 1 part of 4 lemon, 1 tsp sugar, 2 oz. Seagram's Extra Dry Gin. Add club soda to fill. Stir. Garnish with orange slice, maraschino cherry.
SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 50 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.



the man's mixer

FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY A GIN COLLINS THAT'S HEARTY

When a man wants a Collins, he wants to taste a little of that gin! That's why 7-Up and gin is most men's idea of what a Collins should be like. Seven-Up smooths gin, yes — smothers gin, no! And only two ingredients mean no complicated measuring to endanger uniform results. Have a 7-Up Collins. It's man-style!

Copyright © 1983 by The Seven-Up Company



3 and 2 and he throws one of those curves low and out and I got to swing at it. Sometimes he'll throw a bad pitch on purpose on 3 and 2—he doesn't care if he walks me, and most of the time he knows I'll swing at it."

Bill Rigney, manager of the Angels, said, "Don't talk to me about Leon Wagner. I'd like to shoot him. He keeps telling me that they won't throw him strikes. I said to him, 'Wag, if they don't throw the ball over the plate to you, what do you think you ought to do about it? If you took those bad pitches instead of swinging at them, you know what would happen? You'd be on first base and a single might move you to third and a fly ball might score you and we'd have a run we could use. And if we win, you know what they're going to say? They're going to say it's those damn bases on balls.' I told him, 'Leon, if you walk in the first inning and walk in the third and fly out in the sixth you can still get a home run in the eighth and you've gone one for two and your batting average will go up.' Then they'd start pitching to him again. Three games, that's all. Three games and they'd start putting that ball over the plate."

But Wagner said, "I get tired standing around first base. Running down to second all the time on those double plays."

"And they keep throwing those good pitchers at me. That's all I see is those good pitchers. Them and left-handers. Every time there's a man on base and I come up, there they are, waving a left-hander in from the bullpen. But I like that. That means they think I'm good."

"I tell you, it takes a good hater to hit any pitcher this year. That new strike zone has changed things. That new strike zone has made it for those ragged pitchers, the guys who are always around the edges, like Robin Roberts. I don't believe I've seen a pitch this year that was in last year's strike zone. It's up here or out there. That strike zone is wider, too, as well as higher. They're giving them that pitch out there."

Wherever the strike zone is, Wagner remains the breezy, talkative man he has always been. Even the plight of this year's Angels hasn't changed him. (Last season the band of happy Angels finished third; this year, with the flamboyant Bo Belinsky gone and First Baseman Lee Thomas in a season-long batting slump,

they are struggling to stay as high as seventh.) "We got a nice ball club," he says of the Angels. "We got Polacks on this club and we got Germans and we got Italians—we call them Dugos—and we got Puerto Ricans and we got Negroes—we call us spooks—and we got all kinds. Everybody calls everybody else names, and we get along pretty good. We got a special section in the back of the team bus and when you goof up you got to sit back there. Anybody. Rigney manage bad—"Rigney, back of the bus for you." We have a lot of fun. Rigney calls me Daddy Wag. Can you imagine that? A manager calling me Daddy Wag?"

I know what I am

"We kid around a lot, but I want them to know I'm a Negro. That's very important to me. A man is Polish or Italian, he's proud to be Polish or Italian. Well, I'm a Negro, and I'm proud to be a Negro. I want them to know I'm proud. Whatever I can do I want to do. Some of the towns around this league aren't too good. You go in one place and it's all right, and you go in the place next door and they say, 'Sorry. We don't serve colored.' That's no good. You go out with your wife and you take her to a place, you don't like to be embarrassed. If they say to a man, you can't come in here because you're drunk, or you can't come in here because you're not dressed right, that's O.K. But say, 'We don't want you in here because you're colored.' That's no good. Some places you go in and you're a ballplayer and they know it, they say, 'Fine, you're welcome here.' And they couldn't treat you better. But you're colored and you're not a ballplayer, you can't get into some of those places."

"There's a lot of things. Like, well, pitchers don't throw at me much. They don't have to because I'm a bad-ball hater. I'm not digging in for that good pitch over the plate. But they sure throw at other colored players. It must be a custom. See a colored player and throw at him. Even some of our own pitchers, on this team. One day against Kansas City our guy goes right past Siebern and Lumpe and Causey and Cimoli and all them. Who does he throw at? Eddie Charles. I said, 'Hey, why don't you throw at them white cats once in a while? They go down, too, you know.' " **END**

Soft, Smart, Comfortable

Wigwam

SOCKS

for every sport... and everyday wear, too!



WIGWAM MILLS, INC., Sherborn, Mass.
IN CANADA: Warner Mills Ltd., Ball, Quebec



Rich, moist,
aromatic
**BOND
STREET**
stays lit



ANNOUNCE NEW WAY TO SHRINK PAINFUL HEMORRHOIDS

**Science Finds Healing Substance That
Relieves Pain — Shrinks Hemorrhoids**

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain. Thousands have been relieved—without resort to surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dynal) —discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters.

Sailor with but a single thought

A California skipper used every gimmick from gamesmanship to a soggy sweatshirt for his victory

Racing a boat singlehanded is different from any other kind of racing. There is, among other drawbacks, no crew to bail out if something goes wrong or a race is lost. The singlehander has to handle the sheet, raise and lower the centerboard, steer the boat and keep an eye on the competition all by himself. Meanwhile, he is likely to be hiked out over the water like a circus acrobat balancing on a high bar.

Currently, the best singlehander in the country is a tanned 17-year-old from Newport Beach, Calif. named Henry Sprague. Henry showed his prowess recently when he beat 18 other topflight singlehanders from Canada, Florida and points east and west during the 10-race O'Day Trophy series sailed off Long Beach on Alamitos Bay.

"Henry's a heavy-weather sailor," said those who had sailed against him in the past. "He used to go best in light air, but now he likes it to blow." Sprague bore out the morning line by faring dismally, for him, in the first three races, sailed in moderate winds. Then he got the blow he was looking for, and while his competition battled to keep their boats under control and right side up, Henry seudded around the white-capped course in the fourth and fifth races like a puff of blown-off beer foam. The follow-

ing morning the wind disappeared, and Sprague got a 15th. "See," said the experts, "he can't make the thing go now." On the final day, however, Henry scuttled the toasts. Although the air was again light, he came through with a first, a second and a fourth in the last three races. That was good enough to give him a 1 1/2-point margin over his nearest rival, Earl Elms of San Diego. "I checked every tiny detail in the boats I used," said Sprague, rubbing a large brown toe in the sand, "and that seemed to do the trick for me."

The boats Sprague referred to (in many national championships each sailor uses a different boat for each race) were Finn Monotypes, the world's larg-

est and now its definitive singlehandling class of sailboat.

Not too many boats can be successfully raced by one man. There are little training boats for children like the Optimist Pram and the Sabot. There are the more sophisticated boats like the Elvstrom Jr., O.K. Dinghy and Moth. The most aristocratic of all the singlehanders is the International Decked Sailing Canoe, a delicately balanced needle-shaped sloop, whose skipper-crew is constantly beset by the exhilarating feeling that he is hurtling to oblivion aboard a seesaw traveling at a high speed. But the Finn has taken over from them all, especially among young, athletic sailors like Henry Sprague.



HIKED OUT SO FAR HE HITS THE WATER. SPRAGUE DRIVES FINN TO WINDWARD

The Finn is a slightly more docile, sawed-off version of the Canoe, designed for the 1952 Olympics by Sweden's Richard Sørby. It is a 14-foot-9-inch cat-rigged racing machine that carries 108 square feet of sail and has been clocked over a measured kilometer at the fantastic (for a single-hulled sailboat) speed of 24 mph.

One of the main reasons the Finn performs so well is its single, highly flexible mast that is completely unencumbered by any sort of stays or other standing rigging. Because it bends at the helmsman's will to make the sail flatter in high wind or give it more belly in light air, the mast gives the Finn a good range of aerodynamic efficiency. Sprague and other Finn owners spend hours selecting the best mast for the conditions they expect to sail under. It has been found that a bending mast frequently favors a lightweight sailor, while a stiffer mast is better suited to a heavier singlehander such as the 175-pound Sprague, since his weight makes up measurably for the rig's reduced flexibility.

Way out and way over

There are problems in racing Finns that one doesn't normally encounter in other boats. "Running downwind some first-time Finn sailors let the sail out too far because there aren't any stays to stop it," grins Sprague. "The result is always the same. The boat goes faster and captures quicker."

The cause of the trouble is the top of the sail which curves around the head of the mast, pressing it unnaturally to windward and making the boat roll with wild abandon. Before the novice singlehander can figure out what to do to damp the roll, he is in the water with a new problem: how to get his boat right side up again. During the O'Day series more than one competitor performed spectacular capsize as he rolled over to windward. Weight is a particularly important factor in Finn sailing, since the skipper cannot recruit a heavy crewman to make up for any lack of his own.

Like most planing boats, Finns do best when sailed as nearly upright as possible. And the hiked-out weight of the skipper is a prime factor in maintaining this balance. This requires strong leg and stomach muscles since the skipper may spend hours stretched out over the water with his toes hooked under a hiking strap. Paul Elvstrom, the Olympic Finn champion, gets into tone by putting his feet under a dresser, then leaning back

25°, while he reads the morning paper.

Finn skippers resort to a startling collection of tricks for adding extra weight. Sprague can add a good many pounds to his total quite simply. "I put on eight sweatshirts," he says, "two sweaters, two pairs of socks and sometimes a pair of football pants." The football pants have padded knees which cushion the jolt he gets as he drops to the bottom of the boat during a violent jibe. To soak up additional poundage, Henry, looking like the Michelin tire man, jumps into the drink.

Strategies such as these form bones of contention that Finn sailors like to chew on. Generally, the argument rages between the heavyweights and the lightweighters. As one bantamweight at Long Beach wistfully put it, "What's the difference between wearing eight sweaters dunked in water like Sprague and a nice life preserver with a 15-pound hunk of lead in it?" But Henry Sprague seems less concerned with winning arguments than with winning races. The gamesmanship he applies to this purpose was well illustrated at Long Beach during the break between the sixth and seventh races of the series.

"I took a 15th in the morning that really set me back. I was up against it, and I had to finish high up in the fleet to hold off the others in the last four races," explained Sprague. "I needed wind, and I didn't think there was nearly enough around." So Henry stalled.

Hoping that the wind would pick up in the afternoon to favor his ability to go in rough stuff, Sprague sailed over to the committee boat just before the start and complained that the boom on his boat was broken. It obviously was. "Take the spare boat," shouted the committee. "I don't want it," yelled back Sprague. While Sprague moved in slow motion, all the time looking upwind to see if the breeze were increasing, the boom was replaced. Still no breeze. The boom operation completed, Sprague let his boat drift far downwind from the line as he busied himself coiling lines like an automaton. Finally, he sailed back to the committee boat. "I need time to tune up," said Henry smoothly, and the race was further delayed. When the race finally was over, Henry finished a healthy fifth. Afterward Sprague said of his delaying tactics, "Any Finn sailor in my position would have done the same." And on the Alamitos Bay Yacht Club beach there were few of his defeated rivals who would deny it. **END**



You can take a friend along

Now, take your Alka-Seltzer along in the new foil-wrapped pack. Each tablet is sealed in foil, instantly ready to relieve headache and upset stomach wherever you may be. Packed 12 individually foil-wrapped tablets in a box,



MILES PRODUCTS



The Winter Olympics

Space is tight, but you can still find a bed and a ticket for the Games next February in Innsbruck

There is a common assumption that a bed in an Olympic town and a ticket to the Games are so difficult to get that—unless you are on the team yourself or have extraordinary connections—you might as well stay at home. Yet on opening day in Cortina in 1956 and in Rome in 1960 hundreds of beds and seats went begging, their potential takers scared off by advance talk of sell-out conditions. What about Innsbruck next February?

One thing seems certain—there will be no empty beds or seats on January 28, 1964. But the persevering can still obtain accommodations and tickets.

Cortina and Squaw Valley were ski villages, but Innsbruck (pop. 100,000) is a city—the largest in the Tyrol. Railroads, buses and roads connect it with other ski centers on every side. Zurich is six hours to the west, Munich only three hours to the north. The 6,000 hotel beds in Innsbruck proper and nearby Igls and Hungerburg, the 3,000 beds in Seefeld, 18 miles away, and the area's 1,500 pension beds are completely sold out. Innkeepers are demanding as much as a 50% deposit for the whole 11-day period of the Games to shake off the fence-sitters.

The Winter Games hosts, however, still display the welcome sign and promise a bed within an hour of downtown Innsbruck—even if you arrive without a reservation the night before the Games begin. All along the Inn Valley, toward St. Anton and the Arlberg ski centers in one direction, toward Kitzbühel in the other, there are hundreds of small bed-and-breakfast lodgings for the overflow; no private baths, of course, but eggs fresh off the farm and beds piled high with feather quilts. Another 2,000 beds

in private homes in Innsbruck will be called upon as needed by the Olympic housing committee.

Although they are too far away for anyone who wants to see each day's events, Kitzbühel and St. Anton, with its Arlberg neighbors of Zurs, Lech and St. Christoph, are only one and a half hours by train, bus or car from Innsbruck. The sking and the after-ski life at both areas are likely to be more interesting to skiers than in Innsbruck proper. There will be special bus excursions from St. Anton and Kitzbühel every day during the Games. Since the standing room at most events is limited only by the size of the mountain, no advance tickets are necessary. You can buy your admission ticket with your bus ticket (\$4 round trip) the day you decide to rest from sking yourself and hop over to watch the races. But remember—February is top of the season in the Tyrol, so rooms will become scarce before the first snow flaps.

For hotel rooms outside Innsbruck, book through travel agents here or write the local tourist office, or Verkehrsverein, in St. Anton am Arlberg and in Kitzbühel. For a room with a private family in Innsbruck, write to Städtisches Verkehrsbüro, Burggraben 3, Innsbruck, Austria. Rates vary from \$1.60 for bed and breakfast in a private house up to \$20 for a room with bath and full board in a first-class hotel—if you can get one.

The 8,000 seats for the ice hockey games, about the most exciting spectator event at a Winter Olympics, and for the figure skating, the most beautiful, are going fast, but some are still available. A book of tickets for all 31 matches to be played in the Olympic Ice Arena is \$132 for the best seats, \$88 for others,

\$44 for standing room. There also will be 33 hockey matches played in the Fair Hall, where there is only standing room, at \$20 for the season. Seats for individual figure skating sessions are \$22 and \$11, and standing room only is \$4.40. A general-admission season ticket for all the outdoor competitions is \$44. All can be comfortably watched—by the able-bodied and sensibly shod—while standing. The colorful opening ceremony will be held in the new Berg Isel jumping arena, which has a capacity of 60,000 standees; admission is \$2.64 or \$4.40. American Express is the U.S. agency for all Olympic Games tickets.

Once you have found your lodging and have your ticket, the best way to get from Innsbruck to the various sites is by bus. Unlike Squaw Valley, which was so small that spectators could walk to most events, the Austrian Olympics are spread all over the Tyrolean landscape. The major Alpine events at Lazum are 18 miles away in one direction, the Nordic events at Seefeld 18 miles in another, and the hockey, skating, jumping and bob events are in Innsbruck and Igls.

A fleet of 500 buses will shuttle back and forth in a constant stream from the railroad station, private cars, except for officials or press, will be barred from the Olympic sites.

If the effort required to find a room and to get a ticket for Innsbruck—not to mention the price—seems beyond you, be consoled with the fact that the 1964 Olympics probably will have the best TV coverage of any Olympics ABC, which has rights for Innsbruck, plans to take advantage of the six-hour time lapse to develop and edit its film on jets bound for New York and to broadcast each day's events the same evening.



It's a Taylor wine...and you'll love it! *Where's everyone?*

They're outside barbecuing! And what better time to enjoy the real red wine flavor of this brilliant New York State Burgundy—in the cooking and in the glass! Delightful with ice as a cooler, too. Ask your wine merchant for new Taylor cooler recipe folder and other helpful booklets on wine enjoyment.

©The Taylor Wine Company, Inc., Hammondport, N.Y.—prod. cov. of file not to be signed "Responsible"



Beware when boys are quiet

By knowing when not to bid, David (second left) and Bill Crossley surprised a field of adult experts and nearly won the biggest one-day tournament ever held

The old-fashioned precept that children should be seen and not heard is no longer in vogue—more's the pity—but last week in Los Angeles two brothers, 15 and 16, applied this commendable rule to bridge and got results that devastated their elders. By sensing when to be quiet and pass, David and William Crossley of Greenbrae, Calif. came within a scant half-point of winning the largest single-session bridge championship ever played. Competing in the charity pairs event at the Summer Nationals, they finished second in a field of 1,984 that included such famed bridge masters as Tobias Stone, Sidney Lazard, Ira Rubin, David Carter and General Alfred M. Gruenther. What is more, the margin that kept them from defeating the eventual winners, Mrs. Frank Aydelotte and Mrs. Harold W. Devine of Colorado, could not have been narrower.

The Crossley boys began learning

bridge from their parents when Bill was 12, and much of their remarkable ability can be attributed to attentive listening as their mother, who is a life master, taught her own bridge class in Greenbrae. The brothers had come to the Summer Nationals for two purposes: first, to play in a special teen event; and, second, to serve as "caddies," those messengers who are used at big bridge tournaments to pick up score slips at each table and rush them to the scoring room for tabulation. When the tournament for teen-agers was cancelled, Bill and David had nothing to do but caddy. It was then that they decided to enter the big charity game. Lots of the experts now feel it would have been an even bigger act of charity if the brothers had stayed home.

"The thing we learned here is how important it is to pass," said David, and though their play is very sound and their bidding pleasingly simple, what the boys did best in the charity game was not bid. At left is a crucial hand in which they attained a top score, thanks to a key pass by Bill.

Bill played the club 6 on the opening lead, encouraging a continuation, so Dave laid down the ace, which South ruffed. South led a heart, won by Bill, who shifted to a trump. Dave took the queen and ace of spades, then threw South on lead with a third round of trumps. South didn't have much to hope for except that the ace-king of hearts would fall, so he continued that suit. Bill won and led a low diamond, giving Dave two diamond winners. All together, South lost two spades, four hearts, two diamonds and a club trick, going down five for a 900 penalty.

Much the same thing happened in another hand, and again it was Bill whose silence was golden.

Bill thought a long time before he

<i>Both sides vulnerable</i>		NORTH	
<i>South dealer</i>		♠ A 2	
		♥ A 8 7	
		♦ K J 9 6	
		♣ K Q 10 7	
WEST	EAST		
♠ K 10 8 6	♠ Q J 9 1		
♥ J 3	♥ K 6 5		
♦ 7 2	♦ A Q 10 5 4		
♠ A J 5 4 2	♣ 9		
		SOUTH	
		♠ 7 5 4	
		♥ Q 10 9 1 2	
		♦ 8 3	
		♣ 8 6 3	
SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
PASS	PASS	1 N.T.	PASS
2♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 6 of spades

passed the two-heart bid with the East hand, but finally did, in an attempt to collect a penalty. Declarer won the opening lead with dummy's spade ace and led the spade 2, preparing to ruff a spade in dummy. Dave won this with the 10 and returned the diamond 7. Bill captured the jack with the queen and returned his club 9. Dave took the ace, gave his partner a club ruff and overruffed the third round of diamonds with his heart jack after East had cashed the diamond ace. Bill still had a trump trick, so South suffered a 200-point penalty, which is usually disastrous in duplicate bridge.

There is a lesson to be learned in this, regardless of your age: frequently the best bid that you can possibly make is no bid at all. **END**

<i>Neither side vulnerable</i>		NORTH	
<i>North dealer</i>		♠ J 5	
		♥ 6 5	
		♦ 9 7 1 3	
		♣ Q 10 7 5 1	
WEST	EAST		
♠ A Q 6	♠ 1 3		
♥ A 8 4	♥ K J 10 7		
♦ A Q 10 5	♦ J 6 2		
♣ A K 9	♣ J 8 6 2		
		SOUTH	
		♠ K 10 9 8 7 2	
		♥ Q 9 3 2	
		♦ K 8	
		♣ 3	
NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
PASS	(bid)	PASS	(Does)
PASS	PASS	3♦	2 N.T.
PASS	PASS	PASS	1000

Opening lead: king of clubs



She needs the businessman in you as much as the father

They go together: being a good father and a good businessman. The very fact that you want happiness and security for your family prescribes that you exercise sound business judgment about life insurance. This calls for sound business help. The kind Aetna offers. The kind that has made Aetna the number one insurance company with businessmen. So firm is their confidence in Aetna, that more businesses are

group insured with Aetna than with any other company. If you want this kind of confidence in your insurance company, call the Aetna representative. He's a good businessman who can help you develop a program of protection for your family.

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE 
THE CHOICE OF BUSINESSMEN LETS YOU CHOOSE WITH CONFIDENCE

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford 35, Conn. ■ Affiliates: Aetna Casualty and Surety Company, Standard Fire Insurance Company, The Hartford Life, Canada

Jack's back and so is Carry



Trying to recapture center stage for himself and his horse, Price has Carry Back fit to run again

It was hardly a surprise that Kelso, that magnificent running machine owned by Mrs. Richard C. duPont, won the mile-and-an-eighth Whitney Stakes last week. While it may seem monotonous to some that one superb horse can so monopolize the handicap division, to others—including almost everyone in the crowd of 20,009 at Saratoga celebrating the centennial year of racing there—

Kelso's performance is a 1-4-3 fan or-

le was a thing of pure beauty to watch.

He carried 130 pounds, including Molo Valenzuela, like a feather and beat second-place Sairdam (111 pounds) by more than two lengths. When he came back they gave him a hug hand, and among those clapping most vigorously was a chubby little guy in a gray suit with short hair to match. "This must be a truly great horse," he said sincerely.

The speaker has been known to talk of a great horse before, but when he did it was his own, a horse also adopted by thousands of Americans as their own, a glamorized number named Carry Back. The chubby guy is Jack Price, of course, who has made news with Carry Back for three years on the track and almost one year off it.

Most people said Price was crazy when he took his horse to France last fall. They may have been right. But Price still thinks Carry Back can win the Arc de Triomphe and also beat Kelso. To prove it he has taken Carry Back out of retirement at stud and put him back in training. The first Carry Back-Kelso meeting will be in New York's Aqueduct Stakes on September 2.

The last time anyone took a serious look at Jack Price he was walking around Paris in a gray bowler waving a \$65 shooting stick and guzzling champagne at all the right watering holes. He has been a noisily important figure in U.S. racing ever since his appealing colt started winning all those 2-year-old stakes with tremendously exciting come-from-behind runs. When the hubbub burst on the afternoon of the Arc, as Carry Back finished 10th (although beaten less than six lengths), some thought the best thing Price could do would be to go home to Coral Gables and thumb through his clippings, instead of continuing his role of self-appointed commissioner of racing. In a sense, this happened when Carry Back went to stud. All of a sudden there was Price, forlornly reduced from an internationally known racing personality to a man without a horse and nowhere in particular to go.

Predictably, Price did not take kindly to oblivion. He was a familiar figure this year at Hialeah and was in the act all the way at the Derby and Preakness, never failing to remind his audience that after all he owned and trained a horse of his own once. But it soon became apparent that there was only one way in which Jack could hold the limelight: bring

Carry Back out of retirement and train him for more racing.

And so, last week, there was Jack Price at Saratoga with Carry Back and his \$65 shooting stick, saying, "When some people go on vacation they take their dogs with them. I bring my horse."

In a more serious vein, he declared, "In the first place the publicity angle is crazy. I'm not doing this to get my name in the paper. I don't need any personal publicity. As for publicity for the horse, of course I want to keep his name before the public. He's a stallion, and I want breeders aware that he's around. That's my business." A day or so later, to emphasize his point, Price took a full-page advertisement in *The Morning Telegraph* to let everyone know that the reason for the horse's comeback was emphatically not that he was desirous in his stud duties to service for which Price charges clients \$6,500. Price is as aware as any horseman that studs do not generally return to the racetrack after serving as stallions and that, if they do, their record of success is hardly encouraging. (It has been done, by Assault, Stayme, Tommy Lee and others, but with mixed results.)

Among other reasons is the fact that the vast majority of horses, when retired to stud, are not completely sound. Because of this, their owners never give the slightest thought to attempting comebacks with them. This is not the case with Carry Back, who retired 100% sound and at the peak of his form.

Carry Back has had a busy year already. Between Feb. 1 and mid-June he managed to get 18 of his 26 mares in foal, but he had to work at it. Four of the mares were real problem cases, so much so that he served them a total of 43 times. The record shows that he was bred 104 times in four and a half months.

Today Carry Back, who may well have been overrated at times, looks extremely fit, and stronger, too. Weighing about 1,050 pounds, he seems to have lost none of his zest for racing, and his works have been very impressive. If he does not get into a race at Saratoga this week his first start will be in the Buckeye Handicap at Cleveland's Randall on Aug. 17. "I just want to prove that this can be done," says Price. "But if he runs one or two bad races then he retires for good. If he wins a couple of those big ones we'll go back to Paris."

Naturally, most of his fellow trainers still feel that Jack Price is crazy. **END**

What's the score on fan-jets?

The American Airlines fan-jet story

There seems to be quite a bit of talk about fan-jets these days. It isn't surprising.

Fan-jets are 30% more powerful than ordinary jets.

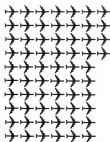
They take off faster and they climb faster.



United's jet fleet: 8 of them are fan-jets.



TWA's jet fleet includes 23 fan-jets.



American's entire jet fleet: 64 fan-jets.

[Fan-jet engines take in twice as much air as ordinary jets. This gives the thrust twice as much body.]

There's just one thing about fan-jets. You may not get one.

There are 24 airlines in this country. Yet only 2 have fan-jets on every jet flight.

One is Western.

The other is American. [We call our fan-jets Astrojets.]

The chart above will show you how many fan-jets the 3 major airlines have today.

It will also show you which airline guarantees you a fan-jet on every jet flight you take.



THE CONFEDERATE AIR FORCE FLIES AT LAST

BY DAN JENKINS

Out of the sun-bleached skies above Texas' vast Rio Grande Valley comes the whine and snarl of aerial ghosts, a priceless handful of World War II fighter planes rescued from rusty oblivion by a group of drawling, nostalgic pilots

CONTINUED

With his flight-helmet-by-Stratton narrowed in the canopy like a parachuting wraith, a Rebel pilot in a P-51 wars a Hellcat (left) and a Bearcat into mock battle.

The Rio Grande Valley in Texas is a vast carpet of cotton fields and rope-thin palms, and the only apparent reason for calling it a valley is that the Himalayas are somewhere on one side of it and the Pyrenees on another. Although the valley does have certain geographical borders—the Gulf of Mexico lies to the east and the sawdust-tinged Rio Grande crawls along to the south—the land abruptly surrenders in all directions to the infinity of a Texas horizon. The town of Mercedes is a tiny green swatch in the lower tip of this valley. It is seven miles as the dust flies from Nuevo Progreso, Mexico and a desperate phone call from almost anywhere else. But despite its isolation, Mercedes is gaining a peculiar distinction: strange ghosts are curling out of the skies above it.

The visitations occur during daylight hours, usually on

Photographs by Saul Steinberg



Four great planes, the P-51 Mustang (top), P-51 Mustang, P-40 Corsair and P-38 Lightning, sparkle in the Rio Grande Valley as they perform their low-level strafing runs that may scare even the boll weevils in the cotton fields below.

clear, sunny days. A farmer off in the plowed fields squints up and sees an abstract creature swoop down from the clouds, barrel across a rooftop and, with a ghastly snarl, corkscrew quickly back into the exotic prism of time from which it seemingly has escaped. The first is usually followed by another. And another. For a while the citizens of Mercedes viewed these strange goings-on with alarm if not terror, but by now almost everyone has learned to identify the spooky silhouettes as World War II fighter airplanes being flown for the innocent delight of it by a curious group of

men. Mercedes has become the home base for an amusing and historically interesting air force.

At a skimpy little airport generally inhabited only by crop-spraying planes, nine of the most famous fighter aircraft of World War II have come back to life. They comprise what is known as the Confederate Air Force. There are a North American P-51 Mustang, the sleek killer that flew more than 200,000 combat sorties and destroyed nearly 10,000 enemy planes, a gull-winged P-40 Corsair, heroic companion of the matinee at Guadalcanal, Poppy Boyington's plane and the aircraft that was still good enough seven years later over Korea to take a MIG-15 jet; a Grumman Wildcat, the stub-nosed relic whose cockpits were occupied by such nees as Butch O'Hare and Joe Foss; a Curtiss P-40 Warhawk, the Flying Tiger of Claire Chennault; a twin-

tailed Lockheed P-38 Lightning, the fighter in which Major Richard Bong performed miracles; a full-bellied F6F Hellcat, the workhorse of famed Task Force 58; a P-47 Thunderbolt of the kind that roared over the beaches on D-day; a P-63E Kingcobra; and, finally, a sizzling F8F Grumman Bearcat, last of the prop-driven American fighters.

Although stripped of their armor-plating, their machine guns, their excess fuel tanks and even their radios, these glistening old ghosts still form an imposing squadron.

The pilots of the self-styled Confederate Air Force are

sportsmen above everything, as the slogan, "Semper Paratus," on the backs of their gray, shoulder-patched shirts urgently suggests. They are playfully subversive to an imaginary leader, Colonel Jethro E. Culpeper, who awards such citations as the Silver Magnolia Blossom for heroism landing in a cluster of shrubs on a dead engine. They wear Stetsons. They have their own silver wings. Like their mythical commander, they are all fully commissioned colonels. They lean heavily on the Confederate whimsy as an excuse for social rallies. The Rebel air militia has become one of the most elite clubs in the valley, with more than 100 dues-paying members, nearly half of them capable of piloting the fighters.

But aside from the jokes and a love of flying, the mission of this more than slightly sardonic bunch of pilots is to preserve in flyable condition their antique gun platforms, and to remind Americans (or show them, perhaps) what fought in the skies during World War II. The colonels, like many old pilots, are gripped by the ever-lingering nostalgia of their war. They are quite dedicated to the serious undertaking of maintaining their flying museum. "These planes are like statues," says one colonel. He is Lloyd P. Nolen, deputy commander of the group, who stands only one salute back of Jethro Culpeper himself. "It's great sport to fly 'em, but they mean a lot to our history, too."

Until the founding of the Confederate Air Force, no one seemed to care about preserving the fighters for anything more significant than aluminum ingots. It was only when Nolen, a former Air Force instructor who now operates the Mercedes Flying Service, and a few of his air-minded friends decided to buy a P-51 "for kicks" that they discovered World War II planes were almost as hard to find as Mercedes itself. "We just happened to hear that a Mustang was available through government surplus in San Antonio," Nolen says. "So a few of us, including Billy Drawe, a cotton farmer, and Roscoe Norman, who works for me, went together and bought it for \$2,500."

The P-51 was the Liz Taylor of lighter planes to old Air Force men, and Nolen, a deep-voiced, deliberate man in thin-rimmed glasses, had a special reason for wanting one so badly. "It used to kill me during the war to have my students come back and tell me about the hot planes they were flying," he says. "There I was, stuck for four years in an AT-6 trainer." The Mustang was as much fun as Nolen had hoped it would be, but there were some former Navy pilots in the valley who kept telling fast tales about the Bearcat. One year later, directly from the Navy, Nolen was able to purchase a Bearcat for only \$805, quite a bargain considering that it cost \$111,000 new. What followed was an attempt among the flyers, who were now having dog-fights on Sundays the way most men play golf or fish, to see which was the better aircraft. "It was a performance toss-up," says Nolen. "But what really came out of it all was the idea to start the Confederate Air Force. We soon incorporated as a nonprofit organization and decided to get one each of all of the wartime fighters."

Recruiting more Confederate colonels was about as much of a chore for Nolen as recruiting southern drunks. In the valley there are 56 crop-spraying firms, among which Nolen's is the largest (10 planes, nine pilots) and the most profitable. World War II pilots are prominent among the crop sprayers, but the Confederate Air Force got enlistees from other fields, too. There are farmers, teachers, doctors, car dealers and lawyers among the Rebels. Nolen was pleased to discover that all were as dedicated to the collection task as he was. For example, Clyde Elliott, a retired Navy commander who has a small spraying service in Harlingen (the nearest "city," 13 miles away) says, "Right away, these planes made me homesick. They played a major part in a great war, and I think the memory of them ought to be preserved for Americans." Elliott flew Corsairs and Wildcats during the war. He made more than 350 takeoffs and landings aboard carriers. "It gives us a particularly good feeling at air shows when old pilots crowd around them, put them on the nose and tell their kids, 'Lookie here, son. This was your dad's plane.'"

The Confederate Air Force works on a basis of partnerships. Two, three or four men get together and buy a plane, then lease it to the group. Several of the colonels own an interest in more than one fighter. Lloyd Nolen has a piece of seven different planes—which adds up to an expensive hobby. Actually, it is on Nolen's property, once called the Central Valley Airport, that the fighters are stored. Nolen purchased the field and its buildings for his Mercedes Dusting Service. He renamed it Rebel Field. Altogether the Confederate Air Force has \$102,000 invested in its planes, including the reconditioning costs.

The thing that made the scavenger hunt for the fighters extremely difficult was a U.S. Government policy that hampered their sale for private use—plus the fact that the planes are almost extinct. It has taken six years for the colonels to collect nine fighters, two AT-6 trainers and a useless B-25 Mitchell bomber, which sort of sits around looking like *30 Seconds over Mexico*.

They obtained the P-40—one of only two flyable Warhawks left in the world, Nolen believes—from a man in Chicago. They found the Corsair being led to a cremating pit by a junk dealer in Arizona. The P-38 came from an aerial survey company in Sacramento, Calif. They advertised for the Wildcat and Hellcat and purchased them from private owners in Florida and California. There are no Republic P-47 Thunderbolts left in the U.S., and the Rebels did not find one until this year. It came, fully armed, from the Nicaraguan Air Force. "They wouldn't let us get it until after a recent election," says Nolen. "They felt they might need it." The P-63 came from the Honduran Air Force.

Nor are the Rebels done. "What we want now," Nolen says, "is a British Spitfire, a Japanese Zero and a Messerschmitt Me-109. I don't believe there's a Zero left anywhere, but we have a line on a Spitfire and a Messerschmitt."

Continued

It is doubtful if the addition of any foreign antiques will make the Confederate Air Force more in demand than it already is. Performing for traveling expenses and fuel costs, the Rebels have suddenly found themselves wildly popular. One hundred thousand spectators turned out at Houston's Ellington Field earlier this year for a show in which the colonels participated. When they staged their first full-scale exhibition for the home folks in Mercedes in March, the excitement heaped automobiles along 15 miles of Highway 83, creating traffic jams in three towns. "We get requests all the time," Nolen says. "but all of us have to work. It's hard for us to get away together. Then, too, it's expensive. We don't take anything out of the admissions that the shows charge, although we raised a little maintenance money with our own show by getting \$1 per car. The sponsors sometimes don't realize how much it costs for us to perform. Every time you roll out that Bearcat, you can mark up 90 gallons." One gallon of fuel costs 40¢.

Not all of the requests Nolen receives are for the colonels to put their planes through what they cheerfully describe as Beauregard Flips, Whifferrills and Do-wa-ditties—Confederate Air Force terminology for barrel rolls, Immelmans, loops, Cuban 8s, spins and inverted passes. Nolen has a letter from the vigorously patriotic manager of a power plant in India who also heads the voluntary force for the country's home guard. "I am particularly keen to start your type of organization," he wrote. "You must read in the papers about Chinese aggression on India."

The Rebels begin their shows as if they might be heading for India. All nine fighters take off and orbit the field in close formation, which is more difficult than it sounds because of the lack of radios. "We read lips," Nolen says. Then, one by one, the fighters dip across the runway and are identified by the announcer. The opening number is followed by a strenuous exhibition of acrobatics featuring the Wildcat, which is usually piloted by Henry Gardner, a crop sprayer from Kenedy, Texas, and the P-40, with either Bob Kenny of Mercedes or Joe Jones of Rio Hondo in the cockpit. Kenny is an executive with the Magic Valley Electric Co-op. Jones, another crop duster, got the first Silver Magnolia Blossom for bringing down the Warhawk safely—or fairly safely—in a pasture full of brush. The citation explained the incident. "Col. Jones," it reads, "had just completed a Beauregard Flip, a set of Whifferrills and had entered into a Do-wa-dittie in an inverted position when the forebysider inadvertently disengaged the hemmingway creating a pressure between the thermoclixon and the retro-clutch, severing the cotton peckin' framistan . . . and the engine quit." The P-40 took out a barbed-wire fence, broke the prop and frightened a few jackrabbits. But that is the nearest the colonels have come to losing one of the planes—or one of their colonels.

When the Warhawk and the Wildcat are finished, the script quite properly permits the famous Mustang to do a single. No one is more comfortable in the P-51 than husky Roscoe Norman, who is Nolen's chief pilot and also the

head mechanic. Norman has been flying since he was 13. "I'd fly a kite if I could climb up there on it," he says. "I just like it. It's real fun, man."

It is sometimes even more fun for Roscoe's wife, Jean, and his children, who live near Rebel Field. His family is accustomed to having Roscoe do a separate show right over his own yard each time he goes up in either the Mustang or one of the bi-wing Stearman sprayers. In the Stearman he will drag the wheels through the crops, bounce over trees and glide beneath telephone wires. In the Mustang he will buzz the house at 200 miles per hour, upside down.

The P-51 has been converted into a two-seater so that any adventurer who loiters around Rebel Field long enough is likely to be talked into strapping on a frayed, khaki parachute and climbing foolishly into the jump seat. "We'll only bank once around the field and then come down," Roscoe will say. "But if anything goes wrong, don't worry. Just putchee hand in that ring on the chute. I'll lift-chee out over the right side, and then you jerk that dude open after you count three."

Almost before the passenger realizes it, and certainly before he has digested the deluxe Mexican lunch from Arturo's over in Nuevo Progreso, the Mustang is spiraling straight up over the valley. Roscoe is glancing back and smiling deceptively, the plane is rolling and the valley is a jumbled puzzle of green and black squares below. He dives toward the rows of cotton, pulls up heroically and makes the Mustang hop over fences like a motorcycle crashing into waves. Roscoe then takes aim on the chimney of his house. But he banks away at the last precious instant and begins a heady routine of slow rolls. The runway is a distant, awkward speck. There is a sharp, twisting sensation; the passenger realizes the plane has now flipped over and Roscoe is making an upside-down pass over the field. Even a nonflyer understands that a parachute is not much good at an altitude of 50 feet. In one confusing blur the pass is ended, and the sky and the palms and the fields are no longer a violent escapade in modern art. Roscoe assumes a saner posture for landing and sets the plane down soft as a moth. The astonishing part for the passenger is that—once it is over—he is apt to become an applicant for a Rebel commission instead of a straitjacket. "Said you'd like it," says Roscoe Norman, more than a bit delighted with himself.

"Only thing you got to be cautious about is on them spins you got to have patience. I just wouldn't spin no plane at all unless I was up about 14,000. You just lay that stick over and let it go. It'll come out, all right. But when you get down to about 6,000, if it ain't come out yet, then you better climb out. I wonder, what is inside them old parachutes?"

At the shows, Roscoe flies the Mustang in the next phase of things—a pylon race, involving it and four other fighters, the Corsair, Hellcat, Lightning and Wildcat. "We got it worked out where the Wildcat is the comedian of the bunch," Nolen says. "He cuts across and stuff like that." The Corsair usually wins. "That's because old Clyde Elliott

can turn that thing like he's landing on a carrier deck." Fresh from winning the race, the Corsair then participates in a dogfight with the Helicat as the next part of the program. During these air frolics, there is a show-must-go-on tradition. In Dallas recently Clyde Elliott confided in Nolen, "I think my Corsair's got a hydraulic leak." "Aw, that's O.K.," Nolen said, "It'll go away."

The show closes, after more than three hours, with Lloyd Nolen himself putting the sturdy Bearcat through an exhaustive display of acrobatics—vertical rolls, excruciatingly low-level inverted passes and consecutive slow rolls. All of the colonels agree that this act matches the hottest plane with the best stunt pilot, and they are among the most absorbed spectators in the whole crowd.

Three of the fighters are difficult to work into the act. They are the P-47 Thunderbolt, the P-63E and the P-38. "They simply aren't as maneuverable as the others," Nolen explains, "but they are among the ones people are always asking us to bring to shows." The P-47 is flown by an ex-Thunderbolt veteran, Ed Payne, a Dodge dealer in neighboring Weslaco who had 102 missions in Europe during the war. The P-63E normally is piloted by Ernie Young, who has a flying school in the valley. "Colonel Culpeper, by all rights," says Nolen, "should have given Ernie a Silver Magnolia Blossom for a ride in the P-63E from Mercedes to Randolph Field in San Antonio. The thing sprung a fuel leak, and Ernie's legs were soaked in the cockpit, but he brought her in. Just one tiny spark and . . ."

To keep the colonels from having too many unusual incidents, because of stunting or otherwise, they have a widely respected and enormously experienced pilot among them who admits, "I don't particularly like flying upside down." He is Dick Disney, the Federal Aviation Agency's examiner for the area. Oldest of the group at 48, Disney has 30 years' flying experience behind him. He was a C-47 transport pilot during the war, and for 11 years after that he was a captain for Northwest Air Lines. He is the Rebels' checkout man and the only pilot who flies all nine fighters.

Of the colonels, Disney says, "They are all very good pilots. There is no doubt in my mind that any of them could fly any of these planes, but a lot of them don't want to take the time to learn cockpit management. They have all the fun they want to in just one or two of them, the ones they piloted during the war. They take them home to show their friends and keep them for a week or two. Things like that."



In the office of the Mercedes Flying Service, Confederate Air Force founder Lloyd P. Nolen (center) plots a set of Whiffervills with two CAF aces, Roscoe Norman (left) and Dick Disney.

The colonels rely on Disney for other valuable help. He plays the piano and the ukulele as easily as he flies the planes, and he is frequently called upon at the Officers' Club, a two-story building located about one Whiffervill from the hangars, to lead the colonels and their wives in a chorus of *Yellow Rose of Texas* or, later in the evening, in some of the airmen's more notable—and less printable—songs such as *Save a Fighter Pilot* and *I Wanted Wings*.

Things would be swell for the Confederate Air Force if all the colonels had to do was sing their songs on Saturday night and loop their loops on Sunday afternoon. But there is that money problem. The Rebel bank account often dips lower than Roscoe Norman in the Mustang. Says Nolen: "We can keep these planes up for 25 years, but it's going to take money. We may have to start charging for the shows. We need parts badly. And it looks like the only way we can get them is to buy up other old fighters—if we can find them. We also need a good place to store the planes. A real museum on the ground. Something nice where we can have plaques made up giving their history, where visitors can climb in them. This could be the best tourist attraction in the valley." Nolen, who is dangerously close to becoming the Flo Ziegfeld of the Rio Grande, has one other thing in mind. "When we get us a Spitfire and Messerschmitt," he says, "we'll dress them up in their old war paint and insignia. Then at shows we can chase the 109 and shoot him down. He can pull a stall-out and a spin, maybe release some smoke, and have a sky diver bail out. Wouldn't that be sensational?" Yes sir, Colonel, it sure would. A man ought to be awarded the Silver Magnolia Blossom just for thinking up such a thing.

END

F O R T U N E

*announces Alfred P. Sloan's
five-part series on
how General Motors runs*

*A Story No Other
Businessman Could Tell;
A Story No
Businessman Should Miss*



Alfred P. Sloan Jr. is the man who helped put together the world's largest industrial corporation—and, while he was at it, invented the organizational system to run it. With uncomplicated brevity he says, "Management has been my specialization." Now beginning in *FORTUNE's* September issue the man who has had such an intimate part in G.M. for half a century reveals in fascinating detail how G.M. succeeded in business by competing in policy as well as product. In five installments his step-by-step description of a management triumph will have personal application for executives in virtually every industry. Particularly for the younger businessman, Mr. Sloan's General Motors story will explain just what makes a corporation tick. In effect, it's the last word on how to run a company—by the first man to make the system work.

SETTING THE PATTERN FOR MODERN MANAGEMENT

Ranging across the board in his candid reporting of associations with men like J. P. Morgan, the du Ponts, Durant, Raskob, Chrysler and Kettering, Mr. Sloan tells of his revolutionary techniques for getting the maximum from men. His concepts touch all phases of management, particularly the delicate balance between centralized policy control and decentralized operational responsibility. In perfecting G.M.'s management structure, he set the example for many other companies.

This unique report of a business philosophy's impetus to G.M.'s remarkable progress and its impact on the rest of industry could only have been written from the inside. The fact that it turned out as exciting reading is in keeping with *FORTUNE's* policy of presenting the most significant and readable coverage of corporations and management, edited for the inquisitive, perceptive business leader who earns unusual respect—and rewards.

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION RATE IF YOU ACT NOW

If you have been postponing becoming a *FORTUNE* subscriber, now is the time to make the decision. A trial subscription for the next 18 months is just \$11.75, about half the \$125-per-copy price. By themselves the management techniques Mr. Sloan will disclose in *FORTUNE* could be worth your whole investment. And further you'll discover why men who already know last week's business news turn to *FORTUNE* for its unique ability to assess and to forecast really significant developments.

FORTUNE's Business Roundup, for example, has predicted virtually every major economic turn during the last decade—including the present one. And in a monthly Personal Investing column *FORTUNE* provides the management investor with sophisticated reports on opportunities and techniques. Regularly,

FORTUNE explores the problems of being a manager and dealing with people. *FORTUNE's* profiles-in-depth of the world's top-most management tell how successful men get that way—and how they work.

In Science and Technology, *FORTUNE* continuously covers the most important developments that affect both business decisions and personal investing. And *FORTUNE*, supplemented by Time Inc.'s world-wide staff, reports on the full range of international competition currently running a six-part study of the primary European industries.

The total *FORTUNE* package, one of publishing's most distinguished in photography and illustration, provides highly readable, profit-oriented information edited for business leaders who refuse to stop growing. If you are one of them, subscribe today by using the reply card next to this page.

Look at it this way: shouldn't you be a *FORTUNE* reader?

SPECIAL BONUS OFFER

If you send your check for \$11.75 with your order, we will send you at no additional cost "*FORTUNE's* Guide to Personal Investing." This 216-page soft-bound book details investing techniques that can make the executive's dollars work harder for him. Send the reply card today to 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, 60611.

F O R T U N E

BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER While a crop of towering young pitchers has been dominating baseball this year (see page 10), Robin Roberts, at one time not a bad young pitcher himself, is easing into middle age on a cushion of big victories. No longer the flamethrower who led the Philadelphia Phillies into the 1950 World Series and went on to win 20 or more games for six straight years, Roberts, at 36, has won a starting position on the Baltimore Orioles' otherwise youthful pitching staff by giving the opposition what the Angels' Albie Pearson calls the "comfortable collar. That means you hit the ball pretty good, but when it's all over you still got that big O around your neck." As the Orioles clambered to make a race out of it in the American League last week, Roberts was throwing O's. Using a mixture of off-speed breaking pitches, changeups and an occasional fast ball, all delivered with excellent control, he stopped the Tigers 2-1 on two hits and then beat the Yankees with a seven-hitter.



ROBIN ROBERTS

THE TEAM The Chicago White Sox have never had a flock of 100 hitters or 30 home-run sluggers. In the past, they have been consistent winners with little more than speed and defense; nowadays they lack even these gentle persuasions. Yet last week the Sox were in second place and, although they trailed the Yankees by eight games, they were not losing ground to the World Champions. The reason was a lion's share of the fine kid pitchers who have broken out in baseball like an epidemic. Of the five White Sox starters, only 33-year-old Ray Herbert (10-6) is over 27. Two of the younger men, Gary Peters (2.01) and Juan Pizarro (2.04), have been the standouts of the staff, currently making one-two among league starters in earned run average. Last week the youth group plus Herbert were especially stingy with hits and runs, even for this stingy season. While making a 4-2 record, the Sox pitchers gave up a slim 1.33 earned run per game. Actually, they should have won all six games. The hitting failed in one game when Joel Horlen, recently up from the minors, lost a two-hitter. Later the White Sox dropped a 16-inning game to the Angels 6-5, as the felders gave up three unearned runs behind Peters.

THE PLAYER Ever since he came into baseball with the Braves, Henry Aaron has been grabbing pieces of the triple crown. He twice led the National League in batting and RBIs, once in home runs. But for seven years now full title to the crown has been just a swing and a miss out of reach. However, this may well be Aaron's year. He is now way out front with 92 RBIs. With 31 home runs, he is only one behind the leader, Willie McCovey of San Francisco. Although his average has been lower than usual, last week Aaron batted well (.371) and climbed from seventh to fourth place with a .319. "If anyone wins the triple crown in this league, it has to be Aaron," says Milwaukee Manager Bobby Bragan, with superb confidence in his right fielder. "Why? He's simply the best hitter." The hitter himself was less confident. "I haven't had the real hot streak yet," Aaron says. Henry has plenty of time to get hot, and if he does, he will be the first National League player to win a triple crown in 30 years.



HENRY AARON

THE TEAM In their surprising surge into the first division the Chicago Cubs have leaned hard on their pitching. Just two weeks ago the slugging portion of the batting order—Billy Williams, Ron Santo and Ernie Banks—scrapped along with a collective .195 BA. Then last week the bottom fell out of the pitching, too. In a doubleheader with St. Louis, seven Cub pitchers gave up 22 hits and 12 runs. But the Cub sluggers made 21 runs on 30 hits to win both games. The high mark of the week came, however, in a game with San Francisco. The Cubs pushed over six runs in the eighth to tie the score, and then went on to win 12-11 in the 10th. What miracle revived the batting? Well, just before the onslaught Head Coach Bob Kennedy had called a clubhouse meeting. "Ask yourself this question," he told his players. "Where am I looking when the pitcher throws the ball?" The startled Cubs, who earlier must have been contemplating their shoelaces, went on to hit .310 for the week. Everyone hit. "We don't have any big wheels," said Center Fielder Ellis Burton. "We just have a lot of good little ones." As if to prove his point, Burton hit two home runs in one game—one left-handed, one right-handed.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	BA	GPA	OPP	OPP	HR	DP
MINNESOTA	5	2	.312	.241	44	28	13	4
CHICAGO	4	2	.294	.209	29	22	3	4
BALTIMORE	4	2	.272	.185	21	12	3	3
LOS ANGELES	4	2	.264	.173	29	19	6	11
DETROIT	4	3	.260	.202	29	22	6	5
NEW YORK	4	3	.226	.146	15	23	6	11
CLEVELAND	3	3	.269	.240	40	49	11	11
WASHINGTON	3	3	.212	.254	20	23	4	4
KANSAS CITY	3	3	.254	.210	24	28	4	2
BOSTON	3	4	.243	.202	32	39	7	5

THE SEASON*

	HR	ERA	Sops per 9 INs
NEW YORK	2 with 39	Brocken 2.76	Ford 6.53
CHICAGO	Nicholson 36	Peters 2.01	Peters 7.93
BALTIMORE	Gendie 17	Peppers 2.65	Kaufner 6.12
MINNESOTA	Almon 25	Peterson 2.48	Shyman 7.09
BOSTON	Start 33	Wilcox 3.13	Monahed 6.87
CLEVELAND	Alves 12	Kurlick 2.77	Lofgren 8.43
DETROIT	Wayner 21	McGrady 2.95	Chance 6.94
KANSAS CITY	Sobren 11	Pete 3.36	Segen 7.34
LOS ANGELES	Kelise 20	Began 3.94	Burning 7.65
WASHINGTON	2 with 17	Cheney 2.14	Lebery 6.89

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	BA	GPA	OPP	OPP	HR	DP
CHICAGO	5	2	.318	.238	33	45	15	5
SAN FRANCISCO	4	2	.289	.205	26	29	8	6
ST. LOUIS	4	3	.277	.209	34	29	6	6
MILWAUKEE	4	3	.271	.198	48	39	11	3
LOS ANGELES	3	3	.238	.143	39	31	3	32
PITTSBURGH	3	3	.216	.134	34	28	1	8
HOUSTON	3	3	.247	.153	46	39	3	5
CINCINNATI	3	3	.229	.151	31	33	7	7
NEW YORK	2	4	.257	.261	20	23	3	6
PHILADELPHIA	2	4	.210	.192	19	28	4	7

	HR	ERA	Sops per 9 INs
LOS ANGELES	Winn 16	Koufax 1.81	Koufax 8.29
ST. LOUIS	White 19	Sonnen 2.03	Silken 6.84
SAN FRANCISCO	McCovey 30	Marchal 2.68	Marchal 6.40
CHICAGO	2 with 17	Jackson 2.06	Elsworth 5.47
CINCINNATI	Sebekone 14	O'Toole 2.24	Melroy 9.21
PHILADELPHIA	Demulder 17	Culp 2.46	Culp 7.57
MILWAUKEE	Andre 20	Seip 1.62	Lynmaster 7.10
PITTSBURGH	Glencross 12	Fried 1.94	Fried 9.81
HOUSTON	Goss 9	Farell 2.33	Brace 6.80
NEW YORK	Seider 14	Wiley 2.88	Jackson 5.82

*through Sunday, August 3

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

POWER OF THE PEN

Sirs:

Your derogatory article on Sonny Liston (*Sports Illustrated*, July 29) represents a flagrant effort on your part to destroy a man's character by the power of the pen.

Your fabled knight-errant, St. Floyd, whom you sent into battle, sword in hand, astride a white charger, has failed to slay the Dragon, and now you have set yourself up to conduct a personal vendetta. All the things you say about Liston may be true, but must a heavyweight champion adhere to all the niceties of *Etiquette* Post to be accepted as a champion? I think not. And you had better agree, because Liston is here to stay for a long time.

KURT POLLAK

Walham, Mass.

Sirs:

It is getting a little nauseating to read all the bank sportswriters are putting out these days about Sonny Liston running boxing. Liston has been true to his profession. He has fought all the contenders on his way to the championship, and as long as Liston obeys the law the most important thing is the way he conducts himself in the ring. Good guys are a dime a dozen, but talent is rare.

PRESTON G. ACKER

Lynchburg, Va.

Sirs:

Robert H. Boyle's candid psychoanalysis of Sonny Liston was revealing and, at points, entertaining, but I am afraid he is suffering a delusion if he feels that God can save boxing. The "sports" of boxing posed the salvation stage years ago, long before the current gladiator was crowned king. As far back as I can remember the god of boxing has been the almighty dollar. It has always been run and supported by greedy men who set themselves up as little gods and then go on to become greedier and bigger gods.

Writer Boyle implies in his article that Liston is bad for boxing because he, too, is money-obsessed and void of warm and human feelings. It has been rumored that a relatively well-known and likable fighter by the name of Joe Louis made over \$4 million during his reign as heavyweight champion, and yet it is also well known that Joe is now broke and in debt for the remainder of his life to the U.S. Government. I and others are therefore prompted to ask: What happened to all that money? Can any of us say that the era of Louis was better for boxing than the era of Liston is or will be? Wasn't the million-dollar gate the preoccupation of the promoters during the Louis

era? Is it not still the main preoccupation today when Liston is king?

The salvation of boxing as a sport is not in the hands of God. It is in the hands of mortal men who are willing to put hearts and minds ahead of the god of legal tender.

DAVID C. MCNAIN

New York City

Sirs:

Just when I was prepared to accept your assessment of Sonny Liston as a rude, overbearing, insufferable human being, I came upon a paragraph midway through the story that brought me up short. A man who would refuse to shake hands with Toots Shor can't be all bad. There is hope for redemption yet.

HARVEY NATRIAN

New York City



WORLD CHAMPION VICTORIA (SAM) COOK

SURE-SHOT SAM

Sirs:

As a longtime devotee of the so-called minor sports of archery I was more than delighted to see your August 5 cover and story featuring our now ex-world champion, Nancy Vonderheide (*She Started at the Top*). However, you have succeeded only in whetting my appetite for a sequel. Surely we deserve a picture, at least, of our new world champion, Victoria (Sam) Cook, who defeated Nancy in Helsinki.

ARTHUR GAY

New York City

• See above.—ED.

AS OLD AS HATHWESSELAH

Sirs:

I've taken a gander at many a poultry gag in my day, but Bobby Bragan's fowl ball about "Chicken Catcher Torne" (*Sports Illustrated*, July 15) wins the pullet prize. No doubt he had just finished eating improperly plucked waterfowl, and was feeling down in the mouth. Your publicity will perhaps serve to egg him on, so in the future we may expect comments about "swimming upstream to Spahn," "Bolling on the green," and even (shudder) "Aaron go Bragan."

W. R. ANDERSON

Evansville, Ill.

• Although we first heard it from the Milwaukee manager, *New York Mirror* Columnist Dan Parker claims he had the egg and Bragan poached it.—ED.

DOWNHILL STRUGGLE

Sirs:

I have been struggling to shoot 99 since June 1. Last night I finished Arnold Palmer's third article in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (*My Game and Yours*, July 15 et seq.) and today shot 88.

If I keep this up I should at least be in the 70s!

ROBERT V. JOEL, M.D.

Jacksonville

HAVEMANN HAS HEADACHES?

Sirs:

Ernest Havemann's article, *Worried Man with a Frightening Filly* (July 22), was most enjoyable. But no matter how you shoe it, a man who wins a Colicade 5-10 and comes up with a filly like Nubik (in medical circles it has even been pronounced "new-bile") deserves to be in the horse business, worry and all.

I was lured into racing by my retired father, Dr. Peter Grassigiano, late in 1956—as a partner in the now slumbering Crabgrass Stables. We had our luck early with a 2-year-old stakes winner, Beauguerre, and in the next year with Neuroddin, an almost very topnotcher who ran the race that Silky Sullivan forgot to run and came within one length of winning the 1958 Kentucky Derby. After a couple of years in the elite racing circles, in 1960 (which was to have been the year of real glory) both bowed a tendon in the same week. And we were in the breeding business.

Dad died almost two years ago. The stable at that time consisted of me and 24 horses of various sexes and ages—scattered over five states. By some judicious and not so judicious selling, directly and via claiming, I have somehow managed to stay alive (bare-

continued

IT STANDS UP
IT STANDS OUT
IT'S OUTSTANDING

MINOLTA ZOOM 8

fully automatic movie camera

Just press the trigger—and leave the movies to Minolta. A sensitive electric eye gives you automatically perfect exposures every time, everywhere. An electric motor eliminates hand winding. And you see exactly what you're taking—through the zoom lens. The fast f/1.8 Rokkor lens zooms effortlessly...from 10-mm. wide-angle to 30-mm. telephoto close-ups. Special effects include remote control, fades, speed-ups and slow motion. The price? Under \$160 with grip and batteries. (Case and remote control cord extra.)



MINOLTA CORPORATION
200 Park Avenue South
New York 3, N.Y.

10TH HOLE *continued*

ly) in a business entirely unsuited to my professional income.

But as Havemann says, the fire of eternal hope that burns within the breast of each horseman is unquenchable. In '64 and '65, when the Beaugarries and Nourreddins really get to running—who knows? I can picture the white columns, the farm and the god-docks now. I can even count the profit. And there will be no more complaining women in the office, no more babies to deliver—just horse headaches forever.

P. C. GRAFFAGNINO, M.D.

Columbus, Ga.

HELLO AGAIN

Sirs:

This is in vehement protest to the editorial comment contained in "Goodbye to All That" (SEASIDE, July 15.)

What right do you have to advise people all over the U.S. to "forget about Sebago" and tell a man "not to be so foolish as to assemble his tackle, pack his gear and hic off to Maine in the hope of catching a Sebago landlock of even respectable size?"

While it is true Sebago is now in a fishing slump, both salmon and bass have been taken from this spring and summer and are being brought in almost daily. There have been no conclusions finalized about pesticides being responsible for the situation, and our Department of Fish and Game is working hard on the problem.

Your article has accomplished no purpose whatever except to thoughtlessly harm the tourist business in Maine.

SHERMAN K. CROCKETT

South Casco, Me.

SAFETY AT SEA

Sirs:

Your report on the transatlantic race (*Rough Ride on a Sea of Troubles*, Aug. 5) gave a vivid picture of the tragicomic temperament required to win yacht races, and the description of the race itself was just brief enough to prevent *ad verum* by suggestion. However, I am curious about the two opening pictures of Jim Ivins at the helm, which show him wearing what looks like a window washer's belt. Admittedly, *Order* in mid-Atlantic looks immaculate, but surely this is no time for dressing ship.

ATLEE MASON

Philadelphia

● Ivins actually is wearing two safety belts. While at the helm he is attached to a line fixed to the mizzen mast. The second belt he wears at all times. It has lines at either side, terminating in snap hooks that he can clip to any fixed object on deck (or even in his berth). The belt also contains a whistle, a waterproof flashlight, a dye marker and a self-inflating life preserver.—ED.

PROS

select a ball for distance and accuracy (just as you do). When top pros like Jack Nicklaus play the same ball in every big money tournament, all you want to know is what ball. Answer: DX Tourney...long, accurate, durable. Sold by Golf Professionals only.

MacGregor
THE GOLFERS' NAME
BUILDING WITH A PURPOSE
(EST. 1900)



When you write to Sports Illustrated about your subscription...

DEC65 GAN LKBSGJQBY82 01
MR JOHN T GRANT
BSC LAKE SHORE DR
LAKE SHORE CLUB
CHICAGO 11 ILL

... please be sure to include the special form printed on the masthead page of this magazine and to attach a mailing label from a recent issue showing your address and personal code number.

Aside from telling us who you are and where you live, your address label (with some assistance from an electronic computer) opens the door to a flood of other information about your subscription... helps us answer your questions, revise your address, correct an error quickly and accurately. So, whenever—and wherever—you write, don't forget to send an address label, too. And when you're moving to a new address, please notify us five weeks in advance.

Sports Illustrated

360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611

You can read character all over its face!

Large capitals
demonstrate pride
Simplicity of style
shows maturity
Even spacing
reveals consistency



Large drops point
to pleasure
Easy flow reveals
excellent taste
Slanting script
shows individuality





*Every Parliament
gives you an
extra margin*

*Tobacco tastes
best when the
filter's recessed*



*Parliament keeps
the filter a neat,
clean 1/4 inch
away*



PACK OR BOX